Books Read. 1900.

Life of Frank Buckland.
The Bee-Man of Orn.
Sailing Alone around the World.
"The Very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing
History of the Good Knight without
Fear and without Reproach."
The Scotch Naturalist.
Rudder Grange.
Benvenuto Cellini.
Familiar Fish.
Michael Strogoff.
Voyage of the Beagle.
Romance of the Middle Ages.
The Floating Prince, &c.
The Lady and the Tiger, &c.

1901.

Two Years Before the Mast.
Romance of the Middle Ages.
Dr Kane's Arctic Exploration.
Pickwick Papers.
Up from Slavery.
Abdallah.
Chitral.
The Shoeing of Shagpat.
Huckleberry Finn.
Letters from High Latitudes.

1902.

A Sailor's Log.
Adventures Prison Escapes of Civil War.
Tales of a Grandfather.
Life of Abraham Lincoln.
Discovery of the Great West.
The Tempest.
Kidnapped.
Rob Roy.
Legend of Montrose
Lady of the Lake.
Hour of the Wolf.
Hiawatha.

THE RHUBARB-PRUNE GAMES

July 19 - Won by R's, (6 to 2)
" 24 " " P's, (11 " 2)
" 30 " " R's, (13 " 7)

Saturday June 30th 1906.

Today Camp Marguerathe opens, as announced. As announced, it has been open for some time. H. R., A. M. R, and Betty going into residence Tuesday June 19th. Present this morning.

Henry Richards

Lowell Richards,

Julia Ward Richards

John Richards

Betty Richards.

Woodforde Plant.

Also Henry Wood, chief cook, and Jimmy Jones, bottle-washer. — As for the dog itself, a furious gale is blowing, and a heavy surf breaking on the shore. The worst storm within a week: on Wednesday came a violent thunderstorm, with a gale even more severe than this. Hailstones one given to the campers, and five mingled with the hail. Some of the stones measured 1½ inches in diameter. The Stevens.. garden, corn, beans, &c. were entirely ruined for the season.

Amos T. Bennett.

Samuel C Bennett Jr.

Sunday July 1st. It blew all night, and is still blowing this morning, though not quite so furiously.

Later. It blew all day! Most of the party took a long walk in the morning: in the afternoon we sat up on the hill and read "Frank Buckland."

Monday July 2nd. The Bennetts left us this morning. The wind stopped long enough to let them leave about noon before she went. N. R. & the children then went fishing, when the wind began to blow again, and so continued through the day. Betty caught the only fish, a gurnet.

Tuesday July 3rd. All hands - or most of them - cleaned the boathouse with strength and zeal, converting it from a howling wilderness to a Sightly Place. Now the names of the boats are these.

1. The Brick. All honor to her, and long life!
2. The Rob Roy. Not quite so old a friend, but very near, and almost as dear.
3. The Sweet Bye and Bye. (Name explained if desired)
4. The Wobbler. In fond remembrance of another.
5. The Arkite.
6. The Siesta.
7. The Jabberwock.
8. The Third Musketeer. War.
9. The Jolly Cum Pop.
10. The Horn o' Plenty.
11. The Shagpeak.

Tu. July 4th A glorious day. After breakfast. John, Woodford and Sam rowed over to Mouth Bridport Hill & got fireworks and crackers, a three hours trip, from which they returned triumphant, with a laden boat. Meantime Julia hung the Great Flag, and we received a pleasant visit from Dr Besse and his daughter. Hum. He told me of his seeing a red squirrel kill a redstart on her nest, and then devour one of the young birds, eating it daintily, as he would a nut.

In the afternoon, John and Woodford went fishing, and returned at supper time with

Three
=
Great
=
Fish !!!
=

Splendid bass, two of them weighing 2½ lbs each, the third 1½ lbs. Hurrah for the boys!

After tea we sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and "America", and then came the fireworks. We went out on the point to set them off, and they went very fine, the rockets and Roman candles shooting out over the water in fine style.

Lastly, after a merry game of "Consequences" all to bed, & ~~supper~~ well pleased with the first holiday in camp.

We. July 5th Work all morning, clearing up woodshed &c; after which a good swim. Finished the "Battles of Ons" at the after-dinner reading.

The first pickerel caught, also two 2 lb bass, by Sophie, Woodford & Sam.

Friday July 6th Visitors came from Rem Island, Mr + Mrs Joyce and others. Sam caught a 2 lb. bass.
N.H.R. things began to come.

Saturday July 7th followed by himself.
. Harry H. Richards
. John W. Simmons.
In the evening, out in the canoe for the first time. Sunset, and a growing moon.
"Oh, then we kindly think of them that's far away!"

Sunday July 8th Very hot. Service, and not much else till swimming-time. In the afternoon we rowed out to Rem Island, a beautiful expedition.

Monday July 9th Woodfords went home, carrying many good wishes with them.

Tuesday July 10th Arrived, with implements, mostly for us.
Frank H. Whitmore
He and Hal developed the possibilities of "bandages"; throwing them in five different ways.

Wed. July 11th N.R. went to Portland. A peaceful day, ending with the canoe.

Thurs. July 12th Finished Life of Frank Buckland.

Fri. " 13th N.R. came back. Much clearing up of dead branches

Saturday 14th Found a turtle the size of a half-dollar. Mr Stevens gave us a young sand-piper, which Sam + Betty brought home in a cage, intending to feed it for a few days & let it could fly better. But —

Sat. July 14th In the morning the turtle was gone, and the

sandpiper died, its neck broken between the bars of the cage. — The work of clearing up went on. It was Frank's birthday, and we all wished him good luck. Cheerful in the evening, and Apprenticeship of Sorts.

Sunday July 15th Service and reading. Found a common garter snake which had swallowed a good-sized frog, all but the head and forelegs, which would not go down. Snake very uncomfortable, and we did not wonder. Finally he disgorged the frog and went off, working his jaws as if they hurt him extremely.

In the afternoon, a delightful row up to Meadow Brook. We saw two eagles, and two mink, (S?) one of the latter very near indeed; and brought back Joe-Pye-Weed, sweet flag, and rushes twelve feet long; and calamus, the genuine article.

Monday July 16th Arrived per Mrs Gleeson.

Alice Gardiner

Robert Hallowell Gardiner Jr Hoot mon!

A. Hugo Watermelon Esq.

— A very hot day, with occasional showers. Sam Bennett swam 16 strokes, and the Skipper and Jack caught 6 good fish. Games in the evening. In the course of "Consequences", we learned that "Bishop Codman eloped tipsily at his wedding"; and that "Croker scratched usually in the woodbox"; things to remember!"

Tues. July 17th. The Skipper's birthday, and a "scorcher"!
Hallowell departed in the morning. In the afternoon
L&K. gWR + L.N.W. explored Opposite Island, finding
it a very pretty place. A wonderful sunset:
evening mostly devoted to killing mosquitoes, and
winding up with a cool starlight plunge for
most of the party. In the night a violent
thunderstorm, in which "Stephie" barn was
struck and burned. Thought by some a "judgment!"

Wed. July 18th. - H.N.R + John rowed over early to Belgrade Mills
to meet Ben Smith, but missed him. B.S. arrived
later with another man, and they worked all day
on the float, assisted by the Skipper and H.N.R.
It rained late and drop most of the morning, and
blew great guns (why g.g.?) all the afternoon.
They worked much of the time up to their knees
in water, sometimes up to their waists; but
finished the job by supper-time, and reported that
"an enjoyable time was had." After supper, the
Skipper rowed the two men back to Belgrade Mills
- I wish Whitmore left us today, to our sorrow, but
promise to return.

Time on the trip to Belgrade, morning, 40 min.
Return trip, 38 ".
H.R.'s time back from Belgrade, evening 44 ".

"Snapping Work!"

Wed. July 19th. A perfect summer day. In the afternoon, H.H.R. and Sam paddled round to Gleason's for mail and root beer, the rest fishing. Six fine bass caught. After tea, all out in the canoes.

Thurs. July 20th. At 2.40 p.m. all hands save LEK started on an expedition to North Pond, in the Willowwave, the Jammerschoone, and the Rob. LEK. being left, by affectionate family established her on the sofa with pen + ink, three books, a guitar, a horn, a mizzphone, a field-glass, a gem of solitaire, two sticks, and the Stars and Stripes, and left her. - This seems a good time to chronicle the fact that H.H.R. on his arrival, wholly disapproved of our boat-names - the new ones that is - so the new boats, with one exception, were re-named, and now stand thus.

Rangely boats:

1. The Willowwave. } In affectionate remembrance of
2. The Jammerschoone. } Capt. Joshua Slocum.
3. The Idunlicet.

Canoes:

1. Shagpat.
2. The Pink.
3. The Squeemscook.

— They returned a little after seven, having seen "a whole floor-full of wooden things", and not North Pond. The course of the expedition is given on the next page.

Map of Meadow Brook

Surveyed July 20th 1900

by

H.R.
H.H.R.
J.W.R.
I.I.R. jr.
J.R.
A.R.
J.W.S.
S.C.R. jr.

Williwaw
Yawmer schooner
Nick Ray

To North Branch 2 miles

Low Bridge

Woods

Woods

Great Bog

Great Pond

Topography by H.R.

July 21st: There was an old dame with Lumbago,
Whose looks were as black as Plumbago.
When they said "Are you well?"
She replied, "I shan't tell!
You may all of you go to Selago!"

But they didn't go. Instead, R.W.K. was installed as Lectrum, and H.R. as "Fido"; while H.H.R. and the Boys went over to Stony Point for the Berry. He was not there, but the Slopes was, and they returned triumphant with a bottle of the famous liniment. Both Mr & Mrs S. were unfit, themselves having "sat in in their beds and slept considerable"; and the liniment proved a specific - N.B. The old dame in question recommends this hospital with cheerful confidence. — In the afternoon, most of the party rowed over to Glass's for the mail.

Sunday July 22nd: —— In the afternoon, all hands save H.R. & L.H. rowed over to explore Chuta Island: Report, extremely pretty place; principal crops, rocks and ladys slipper. Returning, brought with them wild rose, meadow rue, and several strange fungi. No mosquitoes seen this time.

Monday July 23rd —— Fruit week! Miss Alice Gardiner of Oakland and Miss Betty Richards ("~~[illegible]~~") made a Peach Basket walk, of such quality and appearance that an admiring beholder suggested a Gold Beading on either side as the only appropriate finish. Meanwhile,

Comme and his Rebobbi Rock. (otherwise H. H. R. and the Boys.) made rockwise like mad, and stood up the shore. In the afternoon, an expedition to Hoyt's Island. They saw a Wilson's Tern, rare now in these inland waters; found an abandoned farm; and brought back Rudbeckia, ragged-fringed Orchis, and Shin-leaf.

June. July 24th Began "The Scotch Naturalist". Very hot day, with a cooling "Williwaw" in the afternoon. H. H. R. swam over to Opposite (Oak) Island, in 25 minutes 50 seconds

W. d July 25th

Mrs Ella S. Fletcher
New York City.

Geo. Maurice Fletcher.
New York.

They were fishing off Oak Island, and took shelter here during a violent shower. The "weather" lasted from twelve o'clock till four. Mr Fletcher entertained us quietly with songs and stories. Thereafter another storm-bound refugee, reported a railway magnate, sat on the back porch and refused to come in.

Fishing in the evening, with result of two bass, a white perch, and a chevender, or chub.

Thurs. July 26th Emile Gardiner left us, amid general lamentation.

H. R. & H. H. R. worked the enduring afternoon on the Siren Float, with results on which they do not dwell. All the Bassetts came to call

Sunday July 27th A call from Mr W. B. Neal. N. H. R. rowed an oak in imitation of Hiawatha. N. B. It was a fine. A great catch of bass. H. R., W. H. J., R. & J. W. S. bringing in fourteen. all good-sized ones. Hunted for grasshoppers!

Monday July 28th Expedition to Jay-Bigelow Hill, very successful. Fine view of Mts Bigelow and Abraham: Coburn, Sugar Loaf, deserted house. During this absence cried

Francis Hayden Whitmore;

And all the people said "Hooray!"

In the evening, Rem Island came to call in force. Fine island!

Tuesday July 29th

After supper, a morning call from Camp Bassett, accompanied by Misses Comish and Goodwin.

And late in the afternoon, who should appear but

Laura A. Bradstreet of Yarmouth
Annie P. Freeman of Yarmouth Me.
C. B. Farmer of - Augusta Me.

They drove over from Belgrade Mills, having driven there from Gardiner in the morning.

Monday July 30th

Harold A. Brown,
Colville B. Sisson
Philip C. Brown
[illegible]
Francis Rawle. Jr.

Tuesday July 31st.

Frenk- Frenk had to go, but will come again, we hope. A great swim. Sam jumped off the float, and swam in shore easily. In the afternoon, 18 boys caught, the biggest catch so far.

Wed. Aug. 1st. Arrived, with forces, marching.

Alice M. Richards (riding behind)

Rosalind Richards

"Sind wir wieder mal beisammen gewesen!"

And later the same day,

John Lowell Jr.

Thurs. Aug. 2d

The first regatta of the season. At last, it was to have been a regatta, but only one race came off, that of Class B, for 12 inch boats, paper sails.

Entries.

Golly cum Pop.	J.W.R.
Grotmien.	Jack Simms.
Cubick.	Jack Lowell.
Harvard.	Betty.
June Bug.	Sam Bennett.

Won by Jolly Cum Pop; in 6. 58.
Second. Harvard. 9. 50.
Third. Groton. 12. 40.

The other two crafts the exclusion that a cabin yacht; in other words, swamped. It was a great race. Very strong wind.

In the evening, the L. S. S. invited the camp to a collation on the float. Speeches and songs enlivened the occasion. "dainty refreshments were served, and an enjoyable time was had". The thanks of the camp were extended to the L. S. S.

Brought trained pie bicycle, from Farmington, 40 mls.
Philip C Jack.

Tonight the south dormitory was full, for the first time.
Elliot C. Bacon

day Aug. 3rd

Jack Simms went away, and left us all lamenting. "I didn't ask to see no better boy than that!" Treasure Island.

Lament for Jack No 1.

Of big boys and little boys there's no lack,
Yet at diving and doughnuts there's no one like Jack!
We'd give all our beanbags to get the lad back;
There's no boy like Jack, there is no boy like Jack.

Jack! Jack! smart, ~~plucky~~ Jack!
There's no boy like Jack, there is no boy like Jack.

Sat. Aug. 4th | Phil Geek left us.

And in the afternoon H. R. said to A. M. R. "Come and paddle". So we went up by Chute Island, and round Jamaica Point, and then it appeared that what the skipper meant was Philips Mountain. So we left the bush and climbed up through meadows and woods. And at the top was a tumbling heap of cliff, like the tombs of Athens. To the north were many mountains, to the west the great Rouse hills; and southeast, across the lovely pond and much rolling country, does old Patrick, at the head of his line of hills. And two feet away from us was a HUGE STEER most horrible to see. But he bit us alone, and we did the same. - And we came down another way, through tumbled rocks and clearings. And somehow somewhere, poor Yolide put her hand into a poison ivy bush, as appeared the next day.

yday, C.a Distinguished visitor arrived by sail-boat: to wit,
Norman L. Bassett.
John T. Pratt.
Calvary Barrett.
George H. Bassett.

But earlier in the day, even while we were
at breakfast, the sun rose for the second time,
and burst upon us in the shape of
. Lawrence J. Henderson.
We had been travelling all night, and were very
tired. "But we, unthinking, in the present good
Solely delighted, and all the camps rejoice: Pace R.L.S.
Per contra, we lost Frank Randa-
who departed, as both he & we were to see him.
In the evening Camp Bassett appeared in force, and
we had charades, and were very merry. "Ink-ent-tay-
shun"; "Inn-cu-bait-or"; "Cark-clope"; were some
of the best. We gave to visiting all we had, a drafthut,
but resolved to have Root Beer before the next visit.

An expedition to Philip Mountain, much enjoyed;
and a return in the teeth of the burning gale.
- and Yalid was the Spotted. Bibletes and
Blairs upon Man and Beast.

Wednesday 8th The rain it rained on our respective that day: no special happenings, but peaceful tinkering, &c.

Thursday 9th

A party went a-fishing to South-east Bay, with moderate success. The other campers (except LEK & J.W.R.) met them at Pine Island with tea. They feasted, not altogether wisely, and returned jubilant watchmen, what of the night? the titbit composed of a pilot-biscuit with doughnut superimposed, the hole filled with jam and closed with a soda-biscuit, is not recommended by the Medical Faculty.

Friday 10th

"Derby Day". The races took place in the afternoon, the course being as follows: Start at top of the hill behind the camp 'Castle', on the further side of the fence. Run down to the float, jump into a canoe, paddle round Pickerel Rock and back to the float, run across float and swim round buoy (about 390 feet from float,) and back again.

1st heat. Batty } Won by Batty.
Phil Burgess }

2d heat. Elliott Bacon } Won by Elliott.
Copper Sisson. }

3d heat. Jack Lovell. } Won by Jack.
Sam Bennett. }

The Grand Stand was on the float, and all the camp congregated there,

with the Brodstreet and Lewis, who arrived just in time. The spectators were breathless, as Betty and Phil dashed down the hill (in their bathing-dresses,) and racing along the slip, climbed into their canoes, (the Pink and the Squaw-cook,) and paddled off as hard as they could go. Both did their best, but Phil was wild in his steering. The yellow canoe rounded the stake in advance, and amid wild shouts of gratulation Betty paddled up to the [illegible] float, scrambled out, rushed across it, and plunged into the water. Phil made a good second, but though he is the faster swimmer, Betty had too good a start, and came in gasping but triumphant. The other heats were equally exciting, the second perhaps more so than any. Copper came out last in paddling, but lost his breath in swimming, and had to give up.

After the race, H. H. R + J. R. rowed over to Bridgeside Mills, taking Jack Lowell as passenger. Boat, Yarmouth-town. Time out, 38 min. Time back, 36 min.

Sat. Aug. 11th The Frolic came over from Belgrade Mills, in spite of a high wind and heavy sea, bringing
Mr & Mrs John Lowell Jr.
Mr & Mrs R. H. Gardiner.
Mrs John T. Richards.
Mrs Walter Lindley.

Our Jack received his parents with dignity and decorum, and had a happy hour with them, while the other boys cruised about with Capt. Jordan in the Frolic. Mum. The Camp does not approve of either Captain or vessel, and would rather breast the waves in Wobbler and Williwaw than in that crazy craft. At five o'clock, after afternoon tea the visitors left, having given great pleasure by their coming.

Sunday Aug. 12th

In the afternoon, an expedition across country to Howland Hill, five miles. They found butterflies, creeping snowberry, chokecherries; everything except the top of the hill, which was lost in beech woods. They started to march back, and after two miles most of the party broke into a run. In a certain time after this, the Mummy of this camp was startled by the sudden appearance of her elder son, in undershirt and breeches, waving his shirt and shouting "Hurroo!" Hop, he came, and flop, he went into the water! Not so long after came running, with a joyful whoop,

Jokes in Pencil of — Doodling.

[illegible] is one of the cleaning things
[illegible] Puff — makes for me;
[illegible] if he knows I'd paint it in.
[illegible] wouldn't he make a fuss!)

JOHN- Oh! Doodle!!!

Sat

Jim

Jim wave.

Bellish Sam of Weston, second in the race.

Hurrah for Sam!

And the Skipper depicts the winner. Thus.

The Elephant & the Flea

The human skeleton

Monday Aug. 13th A quiet, showery day: quietly spent. Much tinkering, carpentering, reading, &c.

Tuesday Aug. 14th Cool, gray weather. In the afternoon, a race ~~xxxxxx~~ for Class A. sloops; the first of a series.

Entries.

Petrel. John Richards.
Merryweather. Jack Lovell.
Katherine. Copper Sisson.

The Petrel gained steadily from the start, until beached near the finish line; but finally drifted across the line, an easy winner.

The Merryweather and the Katherine had a close race on the outward trip, but the latter had great difficulty in rounding the mark, and could not regain the ground she lost. The course was out about 1/4 mile, round a buoy and back to the float; wind abeam.

Summary.

1st	Start.	Mark.	Finish.	Out.	Home.	Total.	C
1. Petrel.	3.37.42.	3.58.30.	4.00.58.	12.48.	10.28.	23.16.	23.
2 Merryweather.	3.37.42.	4.09.20.	4.22.35.	31.38.	11.15.	42.53.	40
3. Katherine.	3.37.42.	4.13.24.	4.32.20.	35.42.	18.56.	54.38.	52.

Petrel won by 17.37 from Merryweather.
" " " 29.22 " Katherine.
Merryweather beat Katherine by 11.45.

Great work was done in the workshop this day. Mr. Phil Brown (of the Brown Sugar Trust,) furnished a Table for the Gateway, & the joy and admiration of the whole camp.

Aug. 15th: turned in the afternoon, from Boston.

Elizabeth Gray
Francis Calley Gray Jr.

Dull weather continued; fire burning in camp all day.

Aug. 16th Rained hard all the morning, but stopped after dinner, and the afternoon was cloudy & cheering.

Fishing, eighteen fish caught.

Aug. 17th

Certain campers went fishing at 4.30 a.m. They were eleven of the campers, and they brought back six fish, after merely three hours. Labor — or pleasure, according to the point of view.

Pat. Aug. 15th Second expedition up Machias River in search of North Pond. They were off by 9 a.m. and this was the manner of their going.

Birch = H.R. Elizabeth Gray. A.M.R.

Pink = "Mr Chas." Francis Gray. Phil Brown.

Squamacook = John. Betty.

Shagpat = N.H.R. Elliot Bacon.

Williwaw = Sara Bennett, Copper Sisson, Raymond Brown

Rob Roy = Jack Lovell: J.W.R.

Well, they had a great time, and discovered the Pond. Discovered also, and named, Jam Cove and ate their dinner there. The map of the stream has been already drawn; but it does scant justice to the truth. The "Williwaw", making pretty heavy weather, was taken in tow by the Pink, and the Shagpat prodded the Rob Roy when she struck. There was a log where we had to "all out", and slide the boats over. The Skipper stood on one side of his, and Mr. Chas bestrode the Pink sight valiantly. We lay flat under low bridges, and we really thought the thing would never come out. But when we saw bass nests we began to hope, and at last we beheld clear water and the mountains of Hebridaan. And we dined great and went to Little Pond, which opens off North.

Coming home, Pink and Squamacook went ahead, the Birch towing the Williwaw. Here should be recorded the snappy work of Sara, in fending off at the bow. And on the home stretch, the Shagpat beat all comers, while the Rob beat the Birch in a glorious dash for the float.

Wednesday 19th Events. "mainly work". the explorers having many. & walk in the afternoon: in the evening, Robin Hood, Hoeting, and early bed.

Thursday 20th

Base-ball practice; a call from Mrs Stowe: in the evening, a quiet game of Much Blind Men's Buff, with consequences sad (though temporary) to Jack's eye and Julia's thumb.

Friday 21st

L. E. R. & R. R. saw Venus distinctly with the naked eye. at 1.50 p.m. — This soon after the rest of the party had dispersed in search of various descriptions to play and to see

The Base-Ball Game.

The Metropolitan nine went forth valiantly to play the Belgrade team. Although the score was not very close (they beat us 87-11) it was great fun, and we all enjoyed it. Our players were arranged as follows. Dr Clug 1st b. H. N. R 1st b. - J. Jones c. F. Gray 2d b. John 3d b. S. Bennett r. f. C. Simon c. f. E. Bacon l. f. There is not much to say about the game except that we all played very badly, and the other nine only tolerably badly - Dr Clug and I each tried to pitch worse than the other, and we both succeeded - In one inning Belgrade didn't get a run, but usually they got a good many - after six innings we decided that we had had enough.

Wash.

Thurs. Aug. 22nd R. R. was ill. No other special happening, save the catching of white trout. – Ok. and thunder

Thurs. Aug. 23rd Rain and hail in the afternoon. H.H.R + J.R. – Expedition to Mount Royal and Long Pond. Lay all hands except L&R. + R. R. Thus two passed a peaceful day. the invalid convalescent. And at tea-time, in the glory of the sunset, they saw the fleeting of oars, and how came the ship boats over the golden road. Now the doings of the day, shall they not be recorded by the chief Musician, who is called of men the Deputy Chronicler

"The Long Pond is a bonny pond,

'Tis pleasant there to be ..... but after dinner most of us went off to climb Mt. Royal. "Most of us" = The Skipper, the Chief Musician, Julia, Dr. Young, John the Great, Philip, Elliot and Jack Stood also with us Copper and Raymond, but we left them by a brook under an apple-tree. And we climbed. Yes, we did that. And when the Skipper said "Blow", we blowed. And near the top, on a slope like this, (the photo is no) we sat and saw ponds: – Great, North, East Long, Ellis, McGrath, and Meadow. Then we said "To-to, the we find the top". But there was'nt none. At least, there was no view, owing to the trees. And we got up into trees, and saw mountains, many and mighty. Coming down we found a path, and following it came out upon a great ledge whence we saw all the mountains, from Spencer to Owaissa, with great hills in the foreground, and at our feet Venus and Flying Pond. There were also berries, blue and black, and we ate our fill as we went down. At the pond we made the rest.

But the rest, above mentioned, had also pleasant adventures and saw very beautiful sights. - Betty and Elizabeth and Sam and Francis and even I who write these words, being too young and tender or too old and feeble for mountain climbing, set out in the Squamacook and the Pink to explore the north end of Long Pond. It was a beautifully calm day, and the canoes skimmed smoothly over the still water, skirting the curving shores of the pond and following the line of each point and inlet. At the head of the pond a great hill of granite stands up high above the woods below, and at its foot a little brook comes bubbling and splashing out from among great boulders, out of the dark woods into the open sunshine of the pond. Here we landed and explored the course of the brook for some distance. A wonderfully lovely place, full of great moss-covered rocks piled all about, with the brook gurgling down between them. The woods were very thick and beautiful and we found quantities of ~~wood~~ wonderful cardinal flower. And so back again to the pond and up to the narrows, where a bridge crosses the pond. We came to where the boats were, just before the mountaineers came down on the run.

Rob Roy

Friday Aug. 24th Rena Island came over & see the swimming, and we wish it wouldn't. "So no more about bonnacks." In the afternoon three boats went a-fishing. One boat said "Great day for white perch. So they went for white perch. and after a certain time they returned, bringing with them One Small Perch. (But R.R. had it for supper, and enjoyed it good.)

The second boat said "Well - we did see what we can find!" and after a certain time they returned, bringing with them Three Small Bass.

But the third boat said nothing, and went its way: was not the Skipper in it? and three pound by a time, and time, and half a time, as the Scripture saith. And after all these times had passed the Camp fainted, and said "Go to! Let us partake of food!" and they sat them down and ate and drank, and were merry. But while they ate, came one, and the fat of them which sleepeth under burdens; and the third boat, even the Yarmouth horse, came back, and One more in two, and they brought

Twenty-seven Large Bass!

Now the length of these bass, if put together head to tail, would reach from Belgrade to Kennebec City, (more or less) and the weight of them was as the weight of John the Great. But all this was as nothing by comparison with the Fish that they lost. And if you who read put no faith in these words, is it the fault of me who write? I trow not

But when all were filled, (as far as might be,)
Dr Chung took a fish, and said "So I! shall we
not consider his anatomy, his head and his fins, with
the appurtenances thereof?" So he gave the first
lesson in anatomy, and the Camp clustered round him,
and the only person wanting was Rembrandt Van Rhyn.
But he soon appeared, and was called Coppin.

Sat. day. 25th H — O — T = Hot!

What did we do? we overslept, and swam, and overslept again. In the afternoon we floated in the boats, and found some comfort. In the evening we sat on the float and sang; even took to playing charades; then to the float again till a late bed-time. Some of us went to bed then; others — "Pop! goes the Kyles."

Sun. day. 26th Uncle Bob's Birthday. Here's a health to him that's out! Very hot again; we spent the afternoon at the Point, reading Richard Strogoff? Transportation. In the evening "Dr Chug" gave some very interesting experiments in chemistry, to the entertainment of all. He turned everything into something else, and made any color turn into any other. Still hot!

Monday day. 27th

Much fishing; twenty-four bass, the biggest one weighed. 2 1/4 lbs. Still hot!!

Aug. 25th Still Hot !!!

Arrived in the afternoon,

Harry Peters Henderson

Mr E. R. Brown.

Aug. 27th Expedition to Moosehead Lake.

Birch = H.R., Betty, Chug jr.

Pink = Dr. Chug, Francis, Alice.

Squaw Jacobs = H. H. R., Elizabeth, Julia.

Sharpshot = Copper, Jack.

Rob Roy = John, Elliot.

Williwaw = Mr. Brown, Phil, Raymond, Sam.

Start 8-23

Belgrade Mills	9-10		27½ miles paddle
Norridgewock E. Mt. Vernon	11.45 –		2½ miles carry.
Start	1-30	Camp to Belgrade Mills	4 7 m.
Mouth of Stream	3.25 –	Mills to Norridgewock	2 – 35 –
Island	3-45 –	Norridgewock to Pond	1 – 5-5 –
Left Island	4-45 –	To Island	20.
North Belgrade	5-15 –	Island to Station	30
Great Pond	6-40	Gleason's to Camp	35 – (!)
Camp	7.15 –	Running Time	6 – 42, Elapsed Time 10.5-2

On a certain morning in August, the traveller in the region of Great Pond, might have observed six dainty shallops gliding across the surface of the lake. Carrying across the street of the tiny village of Belgrade Mills, they embarked once more upon the bosom of fair Long Pond. One vessel was impelled by oars; a second, bearing the proud name of Scotland's greatest outlaw, flashed twin paddles, twin-bladed. The rest, like the frail craft of the dryads

one of the fleet, owed their speed to single blades. – Leaving Long Pond, they the
the mazes of Belgrade Stream, and at East Mt. Vernon partook of a
simple meal upon the shore under the shade of wide-spread
trees, and sought grateful repose upon mossy banks. Embarking
once more, afternoon saw them emerge from the wide stream
"where the river disembogues", and sailing north before a fair
wind over the swelling waves of Messalonskee. The islet
offering an agreeable haven, as landing was effected, and
chocolate served out to all hands. At N. Belgrade they left
their boats, to follow in a chariot, and strolled past the
pleasant lanes and fields, until once more the home
waters greeted their eyes. But even now, when the
long journey was so near its accomplishment, did
our travelers prove the uncertainty of human
fortunes. As they crossed the bay, the waves rolled
treacherously; and, whether for one reason, or whether
for another, the punt, with one sudden heave
turned upon her side, flinging her crew headlong
into the dark waves. A head — a second —
at length a third emerge! The gallant
Sagpat, bold beyond his strength offers assistance.
But no! The shipwrecked captain will not jeopardize
the safety of his friends. At last the sturdy rowboat
bear down to the scene of the disaster.
The crew is dragged on board; hats, oars,
paddles, are rescued with heroic daring. A
line is attached to the disabled vessel. Ten
minutes more, and the wanderers regain
the fleet, safe after many adventures.

Aug. 30th J. W. R.'s birthday. Many happy returns!
A quiet day. the Browns fishing in the morning; very hot. In the evening, the Event of the Season.

"Missus's Fancy Ball, sir!"

The ball opened at 7.45. Wood's Orchestra had been engaged for the occasion, and justified its world-wide reputation. It consisted of

Mr Harry Wood, leader and harmonicaist. (J. W. L.!)
Mr Collings Copper Copernicus Sisson, snare (big) drum.
Mr John Richards, bass drum. (dish-pan.)

The Grand March, in which all took part, was a picture of unparalleled brilliancy. Among the splendid costumes which graced it, we noticed the following.

Miss Alice M. Richards = Flora McDonald.
" Rosalind Richards = Little Bo Peep.
" Julia West Richards = Eastern Dancing Girl.
" Betty Richards = Dryad of the Oak.
" Elizabeth Gray. = Dryad of the Pine.
Mr L. J. Henderson = Whopsy Whittling Whenker Whee.
(Howdy old growly old Indian he.)
" Harry Peter Henderson = Babe in the Wood.
" John Richards = " " " " (These lovely infants excited the admiration of all. Dressed in the white robes of innocence, their snowy caps tied under their dimpled chins, they were pronounced by everyone "too perfectly sweet for anything". The elder Babe was a little inclined to be fractious at the beginning of the evening.

but a common Pipe being inserted in its mouth, the dear Innocent took it for a Bubble Ring, and was petified at once. The local medical men declared that the child must be teething.

The youngest Babe produced general admiration by its precocious performance on the Base Drum. Does here we have the Wagner of the Future?)

Mr Raymond Brown = Friar Bacon.
" Philip Brown = Friar Bungay.
" Copper Sisson = Trump-Drummer.
" John Lovell = Sweet Molly Malone.
" Elliott Bacon = A Pleasing Vaudeville
" Samuel C. Bennett Jr } The Bander Log.
" Francis C. Gray Jr }
" H. H. Richards = The Glass of Fashion.

After the Grand March, the Orchestra rendered a most pleasing programme, in several numbers. The concert was followed by a medley and this by a Virginia Reel, the memory of which will long dwell in the minds of both beholders and participants. Lastly, the whole party Went To Jerusalem, and came back again, & part with mutual regret. We are sure that in voice the opinion of all when we say that

"An Enjoyable Time was had!"

day Sept. 31st Mr Brown, Raymond, Phil and Coppin left us: the beginning of the end!

Oh where, and oh where,
Is our Cousin Coppin gone?
He's gone to Lovely Providence,
And left us all forlorn.
And it's oh, in our hearts,
That we sadly weep and mourn.

Oh when, and oh when,
Is our Cousin Coppin back?
He's away on a holiday,
He's study on a tyke;
And it's oh, for we know
We shall never see him like.

Sept. 1st Expedition to Blueberry Hill in the afternoon.
Canoe in the evening. "When moonlight o'er the Lagoon sees,"

day Sept. 2nd

Some of them paddled over to South-east Bay, found a heron's nest and photographed the same.
Evening as before.

day Sept. 3rd The last day; and a fine one. The boys fished in the afternoon, with little result: in the evening, a quiet game of Dumb Crambo.

day Sept. 4th They went away. All our Dear Boys; and the world appeared a solemn place, and very empty.

Sunday Sept. 4th But comfort was at hand; for that very morning
even as we were sighing and sorrowing, came to our joyful surp

Leverett Bradley arrived unannounced &
recd a reception that warmed his mind & heart.

Then, a few hours later, came George Hodges.
Number Nine.

Then these people shared and comforted
us greatly. The time, from, this day we
a time of delight. The weather was perfect
and moods responded = was pleasant.

Tuesday morning we bid adieu to
dear and pleasant friends in Great Barr
Sept. 6th and we drove out to spend
the day.

Sept. 6th Rev Bradley and Hodges went.

Sept. 7th Rev Hodges and Bradley went. Bradley
stayed in Friday morning in his room and enjoyed
a Chat & Book, and I read and answered
and had a most delightful time.

Sept. 8th

Then as she was sick, was the 1st Sunday
Readjustment, said "Oh! Let us be happy
we can, now while we can!" and so we
were. This day came John & Ida Frier
Gallagher, and his wife & dear Ida, and stop
over night & we had a time in this dear home

...Sept. 11th Lovely work and glorious [illegible] and we became mmerchts &c. The world of humanity began.

...Sept. 11th Rain. The last in many weeks: in spite of which, F. Lake, went to Nantwich with my Tooth. In the evening, the Royal Game of India, and much excitement.

...Sept. 12th The Lion Gale.
= = = early
The morning was mild and foggy.
By ten o'clock it had cleared off bold, and they had a great and glorious swim at eleven. Between twelve and one the wind began to rise.

After dinner we began to say
"Wilkie-waw!"
"Yammerschoww!"
and these seemed the only appropriate remarks through the afternoon. We tried to read aloud, but the wind was louder, and the surf was so fine that we just sat and looked at it. By and by Lawrence and John said "Go to!" and went-in! We sat on the slip and watched them diving and buffeting with the great waves. They report the best swim of their lives.

— After writing the above, the gale increased to a hurricane (10 or 11 o'clock.) It was a wonderful sight. The white squalls swept over the water with incredible fury, one after another. In the distance one would have said it snowed!

The white wind came flying, tearing off the crests of the waves and driving all before it; caught us by the throat, and almost tumbled us over backward. This over and over again, the young people shouting with delight. In short, the whole was mixed with gun, bugle & chrysophrase.
Query, the New Jerusalem you read?

In two hours it was all over, and a quiet grey sea breaking modestly on the shore.

This, we found next day, was the tail end of the terrible storm that wrecked Galveston and set the whole country ablaze in forest fires.

Thursday Sept. 13th Rosalind went in. We who were left drew our chairs closer: toasted our feet over mallows, read our last story, (Stevenson, of course.) finally drank a health to Next Time and

Lights Out!

Friday Sept. 14th.

"Come away! come away! you can hear them calling, calling us to come to them and never no more."

Goodbye! good luck! and the last word to what is calling us back again:

"The long fall wind on the lake."

unday Arrived, with a toboggan load of blankets
ec. 29 and some provisions, the following -

H. H. Richards -
John Richards
Morton P. Whitmore.
C. W. Ladd.
W. H. Ladd, Jr.

We got here about 3.30, and found the surface of the pond in pretty good condition, the ice smooth and covered with patches of drifted snow. The camp seemed very cold at first, but we soon had a tremendous fire roaring in the big fireplace, and now (8. p. m) the thermometer is almost up to 50° in the coldest part of the room. W. H. L. H. H. R. and M. P. W. went for a short skate and found it very good going. A supper of baked beans, toast, cocoa and milk, was most pleasant and appetizing. We find no dish towels, but wipe dishes with pillow cases, which do very well. John got his watch, which he left out here last summer. It is a beautiful moonlight night, and promises to be very cold, both in here and out of doors.

unday, Thermometer 14° this morning. A most
ec 30. heavenly morning, with hardly a cloud in the sky and the air still and sparkling. We kept the fire going

all last night, with the result that most of us were too hot. This morning I took a solitary skate of a few miles round in various directions. The going is best as you travel east and west. Mr Fadds and Morton went out for a ~~bf~~ trip on the ice after the breakfast dishes were washed up, and Johnand I took the toboggan and went a-coasting. The crust was very hard and smooth. We slid in many places, but mostly on Alexander's hill, the north side of which has a slope like Julius Caesar's nose, only more so. It was very tremendous coasting, as good as I have ever seen. We all went in the afternoon and took Clint's double runner, which dumped us most disastrously. Johnupset several times on the toboggan, and we all got more or less damaged. But we had great coasting nonetheless, especially without any toboggan.

31st The last day of Term ends - Low fast of
and leave commences at 1 P.M.

1901

May 21.

Arrived (at [illegible])
Henry Tidal
Preaching Richards.

We moved over to Camp in the afternoon, and found all in good condition, save for the heavy rainfall & gloom in the Soldiers' Dormitory and the Kanaka. The shore was much moiled by a dingo from the reef, a dead mare was found in the dormitory floor, and in digging a pit Rich. was horrified by awful exhalations from the same; the aquarium [illegible] by a small wave.

(N.B. At the close it was said that the last case in Fiji)

May 22 Yesterday was not as happy as it might have been, owing to the heat, but today makes up for it. Found on the flood bay: wild calla, [illegible] pine, hibiscus, shaddock, shaman, Tahiti, mimosa, [illegible] & [illegible] which are [illegible] and quite new to Fiji. [illegible] with [illegible] & [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible].

Tabbing [illegible] the end of Tree Island [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

not [illegible] all [illegible] [illegible] fits.

A great quantity [illegible] upon the shore [illegible] among the Bushes for about four feet [illegible] these waters.

Yesterday arrived [illegible] and began painting the boats. Lay here [illegible] these days. [illegible] Surrender, we leave this Harbour [illegible].

June 20. Arrived

Henry Richards

Sole alone.

Saturday June 22d Hurrah for us!

Arrived at 3.30

Laura E Richards

Julia Ward Richards

Harry Wood and wife.

A perfect day, everything smiling to receive us

Later in the afternoon came

Augustin H. Gray

The evening was too delightful. After tea, H. R. & W. R. and Augustin rowed over to Glenmere, and while they were out a heavy fog came in. Consequence they didn't come in — for some time! Lit the fog lights this evening!

Sun. June 23— James Means.

" " Philip Means.

A dull, rainy day. The country saying, "Open and shut is the sign of more wet"; was exemplified. Not special happenings, all busy setting things to rights. Mr Means applied for the position of Harmonica, and put up board to the admiration of children. He left us late in the afternoon.

Monday June 24th Hot & muggy in the morning. In the afternoon came

Rosalind Richards

Betty Richards.

Also Jimmy Jones.

[illegible] 25th Hot, but clear and fine. The flag was raised by the Skipper and Philip.
and now floats proudly — or would, if there was any wind. Rained in the afternoon
Mary Richards. (Forgot to make her own entry: can with her name, my mind!)

[illegible] 26th Excessively hot.

[illegible] 27th " " Very much, namely.
H. H. Richards
Dr J. Ladd Jr.

[illegible] 28th Still intensely hot. Various attempts at thunderstorms, which miscarried. Three four days of extreme heat we got through as well as might be. With evening came general flight to the boats, partly for coolness, partly to escape the ferocious onslaught of the mosquitoes, which relished their forces for attack about sunset, and never failed to visit us, horse, foot and dragoon.

Shade at night. Morning 82° at 10 p.m.

"Oho!" said the Mosquito.
"I'm dying for something to eat, oh!
I think I will dine
On Saint Augustine.
He will make a most delicate treat, oh!"

"No! no!" replied the other;
"Not fat as he is, my dear brother.
We will feast upon Phil-up.
And then we will eat Bill up.
And then go and look for another."

Sat. June 29th Weather somewhat less oppressive. Surf left us in the morning. In the afternoon came

Mary G. Stone
Ingersoll B Stone
Robert Amory Jr
Charles W. Hubbard Jr
John W. Simons
Brewster Davenport
Marcel N. Gould
James William Maitland
Samuel C. Bennett Jr.
Roger F. Hooper
E. March Wheelwright. Jr
Francis B. Biddle
Sydney G. Biddle
Eliot Farley.
R. Hoguet.
J. H. Hall
Hebert H. Wagenhals
C. P. Beebe
F. M. Barton

July 3d 9.15 P.M.

Weather partly cloudy
Wind N.W.
Ther. 72
B- 29.5-2

" 4th 9.30 P.M.

Weather partly cloudy
Wind S.W
Ther 70
B— 29.5-0

Our meteorologist has been somewhat "furious". The general record returns to

day June 30th Rosalind's birthday. We had our first service. Afternoon spent mostly in boats.

day July 1st "Forgit what did". (Extracts from Dorry's journal.)

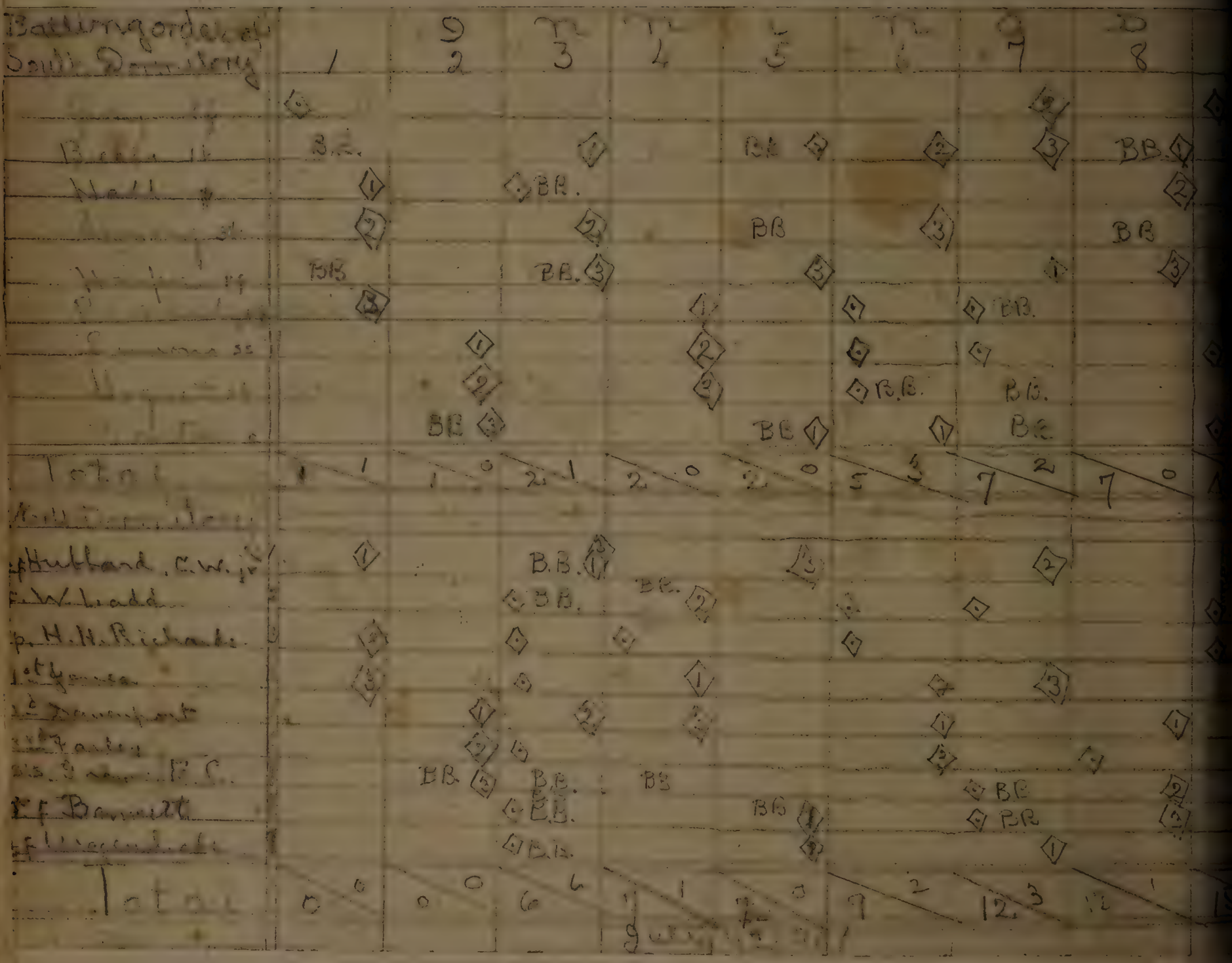
day " 2nd " " " "

day " 3rd " " " But it was a day of anticipation, and we were ready to hurry through it, expectant of

day July 4th a most beautiful day, worthy of itself. Rising began early - yet not too early! and all were prompt at breakfast. We had meant to read the Declaration of Independence, but - alas! the Constitution had been brought by mistake instead, and we quailed at thought of that. So we had some patriotic poems, and three rousing cheers for the Flag, and then we sang "America" with a will, and that was all.

The word was "All hands to the races!" and we betook ourselves to the fleet. Now the race, which was great and glorious, as beyond my power of description, wherefore I yield place to the Skipper.

In the afternoon there was a great Base-ball Match between the North and the South Dominion. Again North


Batting order of South Dominion
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Total
Hubbard, C.W. jr
F.W. Ladd
H.H. Richards
Davenport
F.C.
Barrett
Total
B.B.
BB.
BB
BB.
BB.
B.B.
BB.
BB.
BB

	Senior 1901 July	1901 August
	1. Fay 24' 8 25" 2. Roberts 23' 9" 3. J. Richards 23' 7"	1 Fay 26.15 " 2 Richards 3 Farley
Jump	1. Fay 15' 0" 2. Beebe 13' 75" 3. Ladd 13' 0	1 Fay 14'3 2 Briggs 3 Richards
ng High	1 J. Richards 4' 1" 2 Fay 4' 0" 3 Beebe + Simons 3' 11"	1. Fay 4' 2" 2. Briggs 3. Richards
X 100 yd Dash	1 Hartt 13 2/5 2 Roberts 3. Beebe	1 Hartt ? 2 Briggs 3 Ladd
V Throwing B.B.	1. Fay 234' 2. Simons 231' 9 1/2' 3. Farley	1. Fay 249' 9" 2. Ladd 3. Farley
VI Hop Step & Jump	1 Beebe 30' 10" 2 ~~Roberts~~ 29' 11" 3 Ladd 29' 7"	1. Briggs 29. 63 " 2. Ladd 3. Richards
3 legged race	Noquet Hartt 18 3/5	Potato Race Hartt 23 Second.
I Pole Vault	1 Simons 6. 4" 2 Ladd 5' 7" 3 Beebe 4' 7"	1. Ladd 5' 10" 2 Briggs 3. Farley.

But I can tell about the fireworks, at least, and I will. Those that we had ordered were sent to Belgrade by mistake, so we had only those bought (or bought – I forgot that there was an expedition to Belgrade Hills the day before for the purpose :) by the boys themselves. Those, however, made a fine display. Jack Simms had a great box, and there were many rockets and Roman candles beside. Jim Maitland set off a rocket in the grass, and Francis Gray got a spark amid his happiest nights, but there were no other mishaps. It was a delightful evening, and we wound up the day with a wild game of

"Chicken-me Chicken-me Cranky Crow!"

Clear, cloudy in evening.

All pretty tired. Picking up in the morning, fishing in the afternoon. 25 fish caught, all but one lost on white perch. Cleaned in the evening.

6

Mary and Ingersoll Stone left us.

5 Arrived from Philadelphia
Graham Roberts.

VII

VII

Camp Song.

Air: Eton Boating Song.

Twenty camps together,
Camping beside the lake;
Hearts light as feather,
Glad songs that wake.

=

Chorus — Hurrah for the Merrymeeting!
While midsummer days are long.
Hurrah for the Merrymeeting,
And this be our gathering song!

=

Some of them big, some Tarling;
Some of them smith, some Phil;
None of our hats is snarly,
All with a hearty will.

=

Chorus. Hurrah for the Merrymeeting! &c.

=

Brewster is round and ruddy,
Burbo is tall and slim;
And Jack-o'-, nobody
Can be compared with him.

=

Chorus. Hurrah for the Merrymeeting! &c

=

Look to the hills the lovely!
Here is the time among the
First rising planets.

Pilot-boat never done.

=

Chorus. Hurrah for the Marquesthus!
While midsummer days are long,
Hurrah for the Marquesthus.
And this be our gathering song!

July 7th.

Expedition to Philip Mountain and Hoyt's Island.

Monday July 8th.

Francis Rawle. Jr.
Charles W Hubbard

In the evening we had the celebrated fireworks, and very good ones they were. Most of us saw them from the boats, as they were set off from the float. The last one was a superb piece, the gift of the Chief Musician, who thus reminded us how much we miss her.

Tuesday July 9th.

"Forget what did!"

Wed. July 10th. Friend John Philip Hall.

Thurs. July 11th. Forgot

Frid. .. 12th. what

Sat. .. 13th. did!

But Jack Hall will not forget this in full. (while closing shop.) and striking on a rock, broke one of his front teeth short off.

N-B I warned. Of as being chased by packs of boys! J. H. H.

Sund. July 14th. All hands being rather tired and very hoarse, the long expedition that had been planned was called off. and we all (except the Barton and Jack Simms, who had headache.) went on to Haydock's Island. There we roamed about in great joy and content. By the empty house-plac were great quantities of raspberries, and we ate till we could eat no more. Some of us al also chewing currants, gooseberries & blueberries Coming back to the shore after this, we inspecte the supper, which consisted of

120 pilot biscuits.

4 quite raspberry jams.

8 lbs cheese.

— doughnuts.

— bread à l'indigestion.

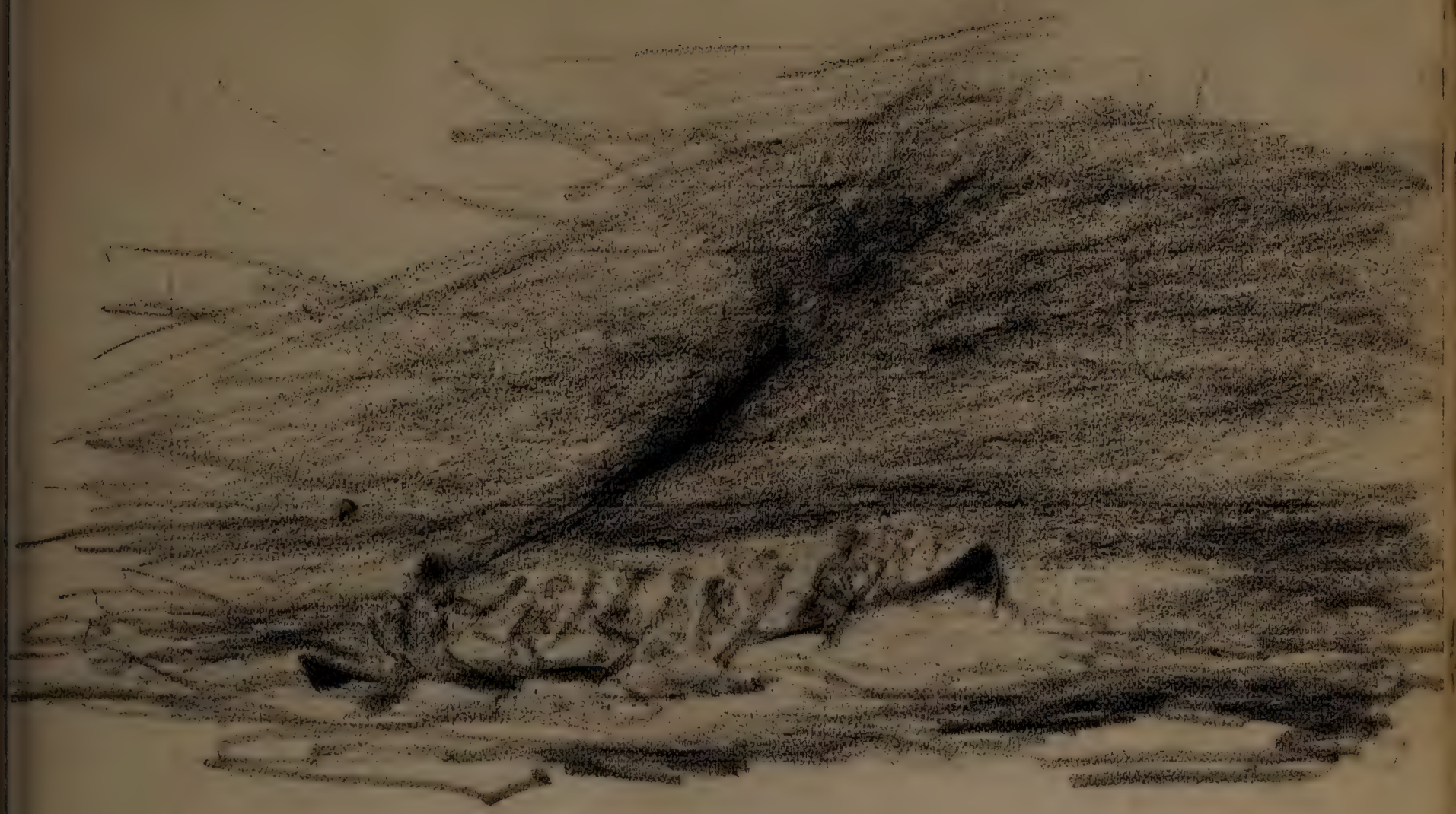
N. B. the fragments that were left did not fill twelve baskets, but went easily into a corner of one. Afterward, those who were not fond of the muggles sang, and we home across a golden sunset water, under a wonderful sky.

day July 15th A new lot were reached us. A party went to Hoyt's Island, and brought back many raspberries.

day " 16th The Crew of said were threatened to mutiny us. Mercury at 80° at breakfast time, 94° at noon. All compulsory work was called off, and an extra swim in the afternoon served to keep the boys quiet and contented. Still, it was a bad day, and we were glad when it was over. Arrived from Boston Henry Howard Hayes.

d, " 17th The Skipper's Birthday. Just in time to celebrate it, came the new War Canoe, the Sly Fox. This was a great joy, and after dinner the Skipper took a crew of eight over to Belgrade Lakes.

We had visitors, two
Mrs Hooper.
Miss Hooper.



Thursday July 18th. Arrived from Boston.
Hollister Adelbert Hamilton.

Friday July 19th It is with great sorrow that we chronicle the departure of Frank Rawle. This event caused such deep gloom that all other events of the day were cast into obscurity, from which they cannot be rescued.

Arrived. H.V. Hubbard —.

[illegible] July 20th Again a trip to Belgrade Lakes. J, LEK, were from the passages this time, and a most delightful little trip it was. In the evening, a great Sing-Song. 40 in the with performances as follows. Ecila & Betty left us. alas! Ivy. Read! Duet for two violins, Johnnie Hall & Richards.

Sole, Lemonade, Harry Hubbard.
" prune, Augustine Gray.
" violin, Mr Hamilton.
Songs, quintette, (H.R. H.H.R. J.R, J.W.S. J, N.H.)
Songs, chorus, the Unexpected.

[illegible] July 21st Expedition to the Bog.

Monday July 22. Not many things of importance happened. The new springboard was put up by dint of much labor, and proved to be very satisfactory. During dinner a lively young wind came up, and the Sly Fox broke from her mooring and went ashore, but was rescued without much difficulty. In the evening, as it was warm and calm, all hands went out in boats and canoes and the Faculty took a swim before retiring. A good game of base ball was played in the afternoon. Harry Wood, the cook, is sick abed so Jimmy Jones reigns supreme in the kitchen ably assisted by almost everyone.

Tuesday July 23rd Fairly warm, with a fresh westerly breeze blowing all day. After morning reading the following gentlemen set out in the good ship Sly Fox, for Mt. Royal. Bow: Simmons & Hooper, 2. Wagenhals & Beebe 3. Robe Davenport, 4. H. V. Hubbard & Amory, Cox. H. H. R. We got to the Mills in 40 minutes, carried over and reached the other side of Long Pond little more than an hour after starting. Lunch on various things and jam, also on the shore of the pond (sandwich is thus &c) and started to climb about noon. The ascent warm and uneventful, save for a whol

pasturefull of huge bovine beasts, which caused some uneasiness to the more timorous brethren. We found the top without much trouble, but what's the use of a top from which you can see nothing? It might as well be a bottom, or any other old thing, or at least so we all thought after we had spent a long Time penetrating impenetrable thickets and climbing many unclimbable trees in search of a view. At last we found one, also delicious spring and many blueberries. We saw Vienna and 7 lying Pond, but not much else as the air was very hazy. We came down by a circuitous route and got to the boat about four o'clock and to camp soon after five. Time, Belgrade Mills to Camp 35 minutes. N.B. The Sly Fox behaved very badly ~~so~~ all the way and steered like a wild toboggan on an icy crust.

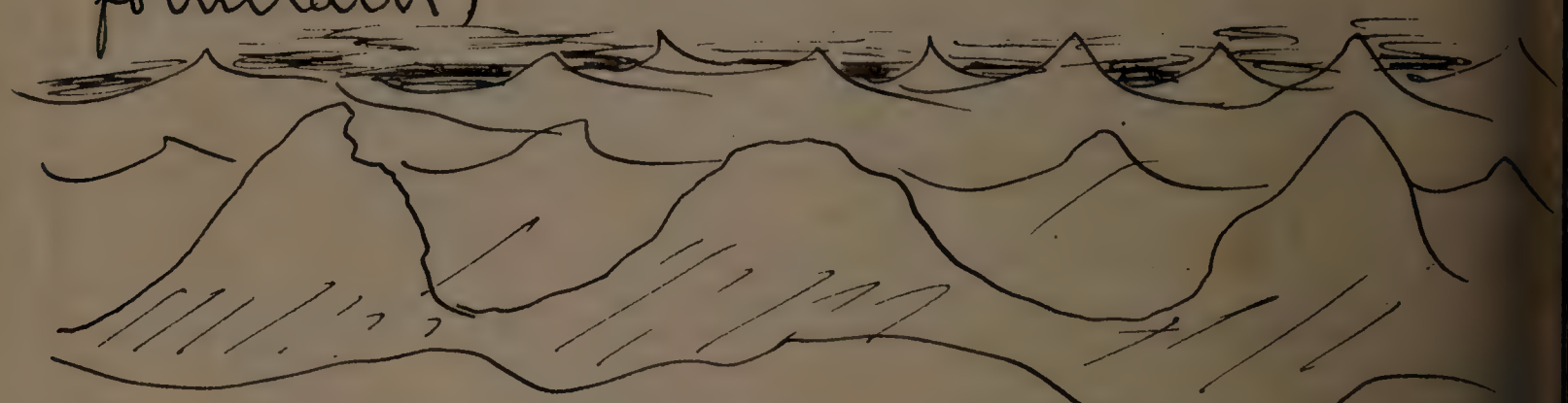
Those who stayed at home had a quiet day, work in ~~the~~ the morning, fish in the afternoon. Only got 7.

Wednesday 24th. Not much happened. Practiced for sports and had a mild baseball game.

July 25th 1901

A Trip to Augusta!

We the undersigned started early this morning for Augusta; having been seen off by our weeping friends (they're all good actors). After heroic efforts in pushing our ice-carts over the undulating surface of the intervening country we arrived in Augusta, pale but determined (to get to the nearest soda-fountain)



The character of the intervening country

After snatching a hasty morsel (For bill of fare see appendix) and slaking our burning thirst we staggered home under our wearybundens (four zobos, 1 pocket comb, 1 dozen table spoons) Total distance 43 33 1/3/100 miles!

Appendix.

Soup

Tomato á la fourchette

Roasts

GARDINER
SODA
CANDY
GAZING AT THE
TOWERS OF
CITY

Prime ribs of beef au jûs.

Vegetables

Mashed potatoes á la bang-bang
String beans á la clothes-line.

Salad

Weeverfied cucumbers

Entreé

Butterbod á la messer

Deticattessen

Salt Sugar

Dessert

Ice cream á la chocolatière

WINES

12 bottles of soft drinks.

Drinks

2 lemonades á la peabings

Witness our hand andseal,-
B. Davenport.
H. H. Wagenhals.

After the above gentlemen had set out on their travels the Pink and the Squamacook started in the opposite direction, manned by P. Beebe, R. Emory, J. W. Simons and H. H. Richards. We left camp at ten o'clock, got to Meadow Brook about eleven, stopped for lunch at 12.30 and came out into North Pond about 1.15. We headed for Smithfield, had a rough passage thither

against a fresh wind and got a little wet. We found Smithfield a good deal excited over a yacht race which started soon after we got there. Had some little trouble over the carry, which is a short but awkward one. We spent some considerable time at Smithfield replenishing our larder. Couldn't get any baked beans but we decided that canned sausage, sardines, Uneedas and a dozen eggs would keep us from starvation. We left Smithfield at 2.15 and found the stream above that town very different from Meadow Brook. It is broad and deep and still all the way to East Pond. We paddled for some distance through a wood of beeches and then out suddenly through an opening in the trees into a Great Bog. Here the stream forks, and we, being new to the country took the wrong branch and went up it for about half a mile, when some farmers showed us the error of our way and we went sadly back again. The stream through the bog is full of ducks, snipe and herons and ~~the stream~~ winds aimlessly about, with no particular banks, so that you can travel in a fairly straight line. We saw a good many black duck, about 30 in the course of the day. We reached East Pond at 3.50, paddled across to the East shore and got a

milk and butter and ice ℔s from Mrs Rowe, the wife of the gentleman who has boats to let. After some time spent in looking for a good camping ground, we hauled up our canoes and pitched our tent on the south shore of Big Island, among some scrub birches. We had a frugal supper and turned in at 8.0 o'clock. H.H.R., who now writes these words, had a feeling of unwellness and so saved his supper until breakfast time. We slept tolerably well until the neighborhood of 8.30, when we arose and had a mighty breakfast. So overcome were we by this repast that we didn't get away from the island till eleven o'clock. Our trip down was not eventful. We had a glorious day for it, and got the full benefit of it by taking our journey very easily and not hurrying. More provender was purchased at Smithfield, and we had a swim in North Pond and lunched near the head of the brook. We drifted, rather than paddled, down the brook, were met off Stony Point by the Birch, and got to camp just in time for a swim and supper.

day
y 26th Arrived, somewhat unexpectedly, Alice M. Richards, bringing 8 boxes of raspberries, two cakes, and a box of hermits to while away the weary hours.

Saturday July 27th

Another very fine day. The work squads in the morning surveyed, picked vegetables and caught grasshoppers. Messrs Barton, Davenport, Roberts and Wagenhals started after the morning reading for East Pond, to spend the night. In the afternoon most of the brethren played base ball, and a few practiced jumping, sprinting &c. In the evening all hands went out in boats for a while and then came in and joined in a great singsong.

Sunday July 28th

A raining day. The rain fell pretty steadily all day and we found it pleasant to keep a fire going in the fireplace. Much reading and writing of letters and not much boating. The rain eased up a bit in the afternoon and G. R. took out a crew in the Skylark. In the evening there was reading: "Twelfth Night" for the little boys; "The Secret Chamber" for the big ones. The four campers have not returned from East Pond. Evidently delayed by the bad weather.

Monday July 29th

Mr C.J. Means came & dined with us

Cloudy, wind S.E. to S. Everything rather wet from yesterday's rain, so we had much carpenter work, making of board covers, bread boards &c. In the afternoon "Egg-in-the-hat" was the game for quite a bit, then practice [illegible] a good baseball game. During [illegible] reading the four boys [illegible]

came back, having had a great trip. Soon ~~the~~ later on in the afternoon came

Betty Richards.

F. H. Whitmore (Pen HHR)

In the evening the prizes were given out for the Neatness Competition which has been going on for a week. The cubicles in the North Dormitory were considered by the judges to be more neatly kept than those in the South, and the North side also carried off three out of the four individual prizes. These were awarded as follows

1st H. H. Wagenhals

2d G. Roberts.

3rd S. C. Bennett.

Booby Prize B. Davenport -

The following names received honorable mention:-

Hoguet, Hartt, Farley, Maitland, F. Gray, Amory Beebe, Biddle, Gould.

Dishonorable mention, Means, Wheelwright.

The day for the great Athletic Meeting on Soper's Field. The morning was rainy, and it seemed doubtful at first if we could run off the events, but by three o'clock the day was clear and the ground dry enough, so we went ahead. The list of events and names of contestants, with the records made by the winners, are on the next page.

June 30th and 31st 1901

Track & Field

1. Junior Broad jump - 1. Hooper 12.9" 2. [illegible] 3. Bennett 12' 9 3/4"
2. Junior high jump 1. Gray 3' 7" 2 Bennett 3' 5" 3. Hooper 3' 4"
3. Junior 100 yd dash 1 Gray 13 4/5 2 A. Gray 3. Hooper
4. Junior 3-legged race 1. Gray & Hooper 2 Bennett & T. Gray 3.
5. Junior 100 yard dash 1. J. Richards 14 2/5 2 Beaumont 3. Avery
6. Junior shot put 1. Fay 24.5 2 1/2' Roberts 23' 9" 3 J. Richards 23'
7. Youths shot put 1. Whitmore 31.95' 2 Hubbard 3. Hubbard 31'
8. Junior hop step jump 1. Fay 15.0 2 Bube 13.75 3 Ladd 13.
9. Youths hop step jump 1. Richards 18.175' 2 Hubbard 18.25' 3. Whitmore
10. Boys mile running race 1 J. Richards 2 Beaumont
11. Junior running high jump 1. J. Richards 4' 1" 2 Fay 4-0" 3. Bube & Spring
12. Youths running high jump 1. J. Richards 4' 11" = [illegible]
13. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 13 2. [illegible] 3. Bube
14. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 11. 2. [illegible] 2. Whitmore
15. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. Barton 3. Hall & Whitmore
16. [illegible] 1. Fay 2. [illegible] 3. Barton
17. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. [illegible] 3. [illegible]
18. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. [illegible] 3 Bube & [illegible]
19. [illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. [illegible] 3 [illegible]
20. [illegible] 1 S. [illegible]
2 S. [illegible]

[illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. [illegible] 3 Bube
[illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. Barton 6' 3" 3 —

Fat men

Amory
Davenport
J. Richards

Seniors:

Amory
Beebe
Davenport
Farley
Fay
Hartt
Hoguet
Ladd
J. Richards
Roberts
Simons
Wagenhals.

Juniors: Bennett.
Biddle
Gould
A. Gray
F. Gray
Hooper
Stubbard
Maitland
Means
Wheelwright.

The evening was calm and warm, with a full moon and all hands went out in canoes and boats.

Wednesday July 31st

Amid the tears and lamentations of all hands, N.V. Hubbard and Bronstein Davenport departed this morning. In the afternoon we finished the events which we didn't have time for yesterday, and got through just at supper-time. In the evening more moonlight and boats.

Thursday August 1st

"Hung be the heavens with black!" And black was the night - I mean the which - that carried our luck away from us.

They came in twenty, side by side,
They filled the camp with glee;
And now they're scattered far and wide
By mountain-side and sea.

Ah! you may travel far, my lads,
Or you may travel near,
Before you find a score of hearts
Where you are held more dear.

Bob Armory, Philip Beebe, Jack Simms, Herbert Wagenbals, Graham Roberts. All three left us in one day, and the hearts of the campers are weary with woe. Dear Bobby appeared at the last moment, very shabby as to his waist, his long bath-towel wound round and round him. We could not imagine the meaning of it, till

he was driving off; when he drove it off; and alternately waved it and wiped his eyes with it until we lost him from view.

"Bobby's young and lithe and loving.
Lord keep one and all;
And what will all the lassies do,
When Bobby goes afar?"

With thine want our dear John. To spend a week with the Biddles at North East Harbor. We miss him every minute, and it will be a good day when he comes back.

But the day was not all sadness. In the afternoon came, to the joy of all, the Medick Man.

Lawrence J. Hutchinson.
Stewart Douglas Robinson
Charles Moorfield Storey.
Templeton Briggs
Robert Emgs Andrews.
Edmund Neville Bennett
Elizabeth Gray.

Picnic Song.

(Air: "Tramp! tramp!")

It a picnic now we are:
We have come in boats afar
From the Narragansett Camp beside the lake:
And before us, in time to ask it:
Here's Miss Julia with the basket,
And we hail her gaily for the basket is ours.

Chorus. Jam, jam, jam, the boys are eating:
Chew up, Jack, and have some more.
We will eat and we will stuff,
Till even Roger's had enough:
Then we'll paddle back to Narragansett shore.

Hand the crackers, if you please!
And I'll thank you for the cheese;
And those cookies seem to want attending to:
Hey! Hello! I want a cup!
Where's the milk? you've drunk it up!
Well, I never saw such greedy boys as you.

Chorus. Chew, chew, chew, the boys are munching:
Chew up, here's a doughnut still.
When we can't eat any more,
We'll reluctantly give over,
And home at last we'll paddle with a will

Saturday. 2nd. A Sly Fox crew took me, L&K, out to Ram Island to make a call. Pretty place. but too crowded for our taste.

Sunday. 3rd. Sydney Biddle passed his swimming examination. The morning was raing, and some fine snow cobs were laid in, but in the afternoon the clouds rolled away, and we had a beautiful evening. Much paddling after tea. followed by a very pleasant Sing-Song.

Monday. 4th. A second expedition to the Bog Pine Island !!!!

They forgot to mention the fact that we the under-signed made an expedition on Aug. 3rd P.M. for the purpose of spending the night on Pine Island. I, Therefore, W. Jb. Bay Jr., will undertake to throw some light on the subject.

We, the undersigned, I might as well name them now, Eliot Farley, Billy Ladd & myself; started for the Island at 6.45 (more or less.) arriving there, fortunately, before dark, that is just in time to catch two small fish; one, weighing 1 7/8 lbs, fell to my lot, the other to Eliots. Billy Ladd caught the largest thing of all, the bottom. After catching the fish we went to the island and after much wrangle-ing managed to chose a suitable place for the fire (& for sleeping purposes).

At Eliots instigation, after we had gathered enough fire-wood (that for 15 minutes, we had a doughnut all around. It was fortunate that Bill & I had, force of Character enough to prevent another

round for Eliot seemed to want to make extremely close connections with around or two more.

We stayed around the fire and talked until 10.55 exactime by the only watch in camp, mine, then we withdrew from the fire about 2 feet, lay down on our blankets and —— talked some more! Only for a few minutes however as Billy said he had come out for a long sleep & did not want to be waked up before 5.30 at any rate. He also said that if I waked him up (I'm an early bird, even if I don't get the worm) he'd drown me. Eliot said the same.

Alas! Billy, how little we knew about our future!

Next A.M. I woke up with a start & looked over my shoulder, there was Bill! sleepy to be sure but awake and trying to get the fire to burn without the use of matches (I had 'em all) when there was no fire to be seen in the hearth, not even a coal. He saw me awake & asked me to get up & light the fire for him!! Being a very good natured boy I did it, thereby waking myself up entirely. Of course, in spite of all our care(?) I make no noise Eliot woke up. We therefore decided to stay awake.

I looked at my watch. It was 4 o'clock !!!! Bill & Eliot took a fit (I didn't, not being given to that form of exercise, although I was rather surprised) and then continued it to build the fire. Bill then went on an expedition around the island while we stayed to attend to the fire.

On Bill's return at 5.30 we began our free

fast which lasted until 7.30. Menu (à la Davenport) Fried eggs & bacon (à la grease); fried fish (ditto); fried potatoes & onions (most decided by ditto). Breakfast over we lay down for sleep but pending that important we had figures instead !!! During of that we fooled around in our ~~bathing-suits~~! Now upon looking at my watch found that it had stopped so after setting it (within 5 min) we started for home arriving there at 9.15 P. Eliot Farley N. H. Bay Jr.

On Sunday afternoon were two bog expeditions. one on foot to the Great Bog, another in the Sly Fox via the west shore to Austin's bog. In Austin's Bog there is said to be a large heronry, but we saw nothing of it but one nest a good distance off - We paddled up Bog Brook for some way and found it very beautiful and alive with turtles, water snakes &c. At last we were stopped by a log across the brook and backed out.

Monday Aug. 5. This morning L. E. R. and R. R. went to Gardiner for two days - Thanks to Mr Bennett. The whole camp went out for a trip round the pond in the "Jolly Roger" - Half of us went in the morning and half in the afternoon, both parties taking the same trip, up to Stony Point, around Chute and Hoyt islands to Belgrade Mills and then back across the pond after some

slight refreshments. A beautiful day and a fine evening, when all hands took to the boats.

Tuesday Aug. 6. Another very fine day. In the morning a grasshopper squad and a garden squad did some snappy work. The latter got the first cucumbers of the season and began on the late peas. (Champion of England). Also beans and potatoes in quantities. After dinner the Varsity nine practiced and we had a good game of ball. Messrs R. Jaud R. L. Hoguet appeared in the morning from across the pond and left us late in the afternoon, taking René and Sam over to the Mills for supper. On the afternoon train from Boston came a considerable addition to our party, namely:

Wednesday Aug. 7. In the evening cloudy, with a southerly wind. A storm is evidently coming. Charades and Bowl Raining.

Monroe Douglas Fergusson

The rain began early in the morning and continued to fall very heavily until late in the afternoon. It kept on intermittently though part of the night. All hands stayed indoors most of the day, playing games and reading. In the afternoon L. E. R. returned. Hooray! Three fishermen

T. M. Barton, J. H. Hall, E. Farley went out for pickerel and came back very late with 16 bass and 1 lunge. In the evening songs, charades and "Boston".

Thursday Aug. 8. Clear and fine, with a fresh westerly breeze most of the day. A special squad was kept fairly busy in the morning baling out the boats. Did a little work on the diamond, levelling the ground between pitcher's box and home plate. In the afternoon a few went fishing with H.R. and caught a few bass. The rest played baseball. In the evening a tolerably fierce williwaw came across the pond and kept us indoors. The wind was very strong with not much rain. But late in the night another williwaw came in comparison with which the former was but as a gentle zephyr. The rain fell in a perfect deluge and the wind was so heavy that the thunder almost overhead could hardly be heard.

Friday Aug. 9. Fair and windy. Rosalind returned, and with her

In the afternoon, final baseball practice for the morrow's game. But the Event of the Day:

after the arrival, was the coming up-stairs of

A Great

Huge

BOX,

directed to L.E.B., and full of delicious bonbons. Many were the squeaks of rapture, and the shouts of "Corking!" and "Great!" and when I read aloud the legend on the card, there went up three mighty cheers for Roger Bennett and his Father.

For
Mrs. Henry Richards
with the compliments
of
Roger W. Bennett.

Hurrah for the Bennetts, both father and son!
Good luck and long life to them every one!
Good fun and good fortune, without any fuss,
And pleasure as great as they've given to us.

Rounds for the Marquetry!

Five ball practices on the morning when we after-
noon the great game with Ridgdale. The early team
did well. Our fifth round brought with play quite
an keen as ever, and although very few hits
the batsmen were on one side to a man, each
were delighted at the result of the game. The other
end taken Hills the day, whilst we were all at
the game on Agric Field, a small but lively
little demonstration was held in honour of

Sunday. Aug. 11. After service H. H. Fay + E. Farley went in the Squamacook and explored Ellis + McGrath ponds, returning in the evening. After dinner Mr Barton, A. and T. Gray, S. Bennett and R. Hooper left in two Rangeleys for parts unknown to spend the night. The Sly Fox, manned by Hartt, Andrews Maitland, Biddle, L. E. R. jr, Briggs, Tabb, M. Robinson and H. H. R, with R. Richards + E. Gray as passengers explored the Southeast Bay. The rest of the camp, with a few exceptions climbed Bickford Hill. Rain in the evening and night.

Hoyt's Island

A big heap of everything entirely surrounded by water. Such was the place on which Philip Hartt, Rene Hoguet, and Templeton Briggs camped on last night, Saturday, August 10th 1901, Arriving there about 10 P.M., we prepared to pass the night. After much labor, we turned in for the night. We awoke at five o'clock, after a night of peaceful slumber, and endeavored to build a fire. With the aid of kerosene we succeeded in doing so. The fire was so hot we burned the salt pork and the spuds, and put a profusion of salt in the cocoa. One minute later on tasting the cocoa !!! (see opposite page). The Sidest campers" with the aid of kerosene [illegible] (Exit campers) [illegible] The heat [illegible] Cocoa!!

SALTED COCOA!!!

LESSONS will be given in the arts of building a fire with no KEROSENE, telling salt from sugar ETC ETC. By E.F. WHITE H.H.T. Jr. TREE!!!

day
g 12. Cloudy. W. T. Sadd this morning on his way back from the post office broke the record from Gleason's landing to the camp, covering the distance in 12 minutes in one of the Rangeley boats. John returned, with Mrs Biddle

uesday. Mr + Mrs Gray came. Mrs Biddle went,
ug. 13 taking Sydney with her.

Wednesday A great singsong in the evening. A cloudy
ug. 14. day, fresh southerly wind.

Thursday Weather same as yesterday, rain in evening
ug. 15. and night. After dinner an expedition started for Long Pond in the Birch, Rob Roy and Pink. The following brethren were in it. H. N. R., J. P. R. Andrews, N. Bennett, J. W. Maitland, C. W. Hubbard, E. M. Wheelwright. A strong southerly breeze made the voyage across Great Pond a little precarious, as the canoes were heavily loaded, but we got to the Mills all right without getting very wet. After laying in a stock of provisions we carried into Long Pond and paddled down to the second point on the right below the Narrows where we landed with some difficulty on a very rocky lee shore, pitched the tent, started a fire, cooked a very frugal meal and ~~went~~ turned in. While we were getting supper it began to rain and kept it up very steadily nearly all night. The tent leaked badly and we all got rather wet, but slept fairly well

considering everything. It was pretty crowded, with seven in a small shelter tent, but we were all the warmer for that, and John, when he found the ground hard and lumpy, rolled over onto the luckless Chumb and slept partly on him and partly under neath me. Mosquitoes came with the morning, but Bobby Simon's "Cindygoilla" which I had prudently brought, drove them far away. The next morning was clear and beautiful, with a strong west wind. We soon had ourselves and our blankets fairly dry and breakfast started on the fire - Pork, potatoes, crackers and cocoa made up the bill of fare - The morning was spent in fishing and swimming, and after dinner we packed up and started for camp. The wind, although favorable, was very strong, and we had a lively trip across both Long and Great Ponds, but got to camp safely about 5. P. M. There we found two new arrivals, Francis Richards (whose signature is not here because the log was lost for a time) and
Robert H. Richards

Friday Aug 16

Saturday Aug 17.

The principal event of the day was the second ball game with Belgrade played on their field. Again we were successful, the score being 13-4

Philip Ainsworth Means

A Camper's Lesson

The Camp

One summer I staid at a camp.
It is great sport too.
There we play one battle [illegible]
camel have shooting.

THINGS YOU DO

Go in swimming [illegible]
and have shin matches.
And go on excursions.
Climb trees, have jumping
[illegible] must
Go to bed at [illegible]
rules To obey you must

1

2.

3

4

5

6

7

nine.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Q. H. Gray. S. f.	T.B.			T.B.			T.B.			
Hall. p.			T.B.							
Gray 3rd b.			T.B.							
Sabel c.		T.B.								
Barton 2nd b.		T.B.							hit.	
Briggs ss.		T.B.						T.B.		
Richardson 1st b.								T.B.		
Henderson c. f.								T.B.		
Harley r. f.					T.B.					
TOTAL	0	3	6	7	8	8	10	13	13	

Belgrade nine

F. Judkins.										
B. Damon.										
Sibley.			T.B.							
S. Damon c.										
Taylor.		T.B.								
Williams p. s.s.										
Stanford s.s. p.								T.B.		
Richardson.										
S. Judkins.										
TOTAL	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	4	

T.B. = base on balls.
V = 1st out.
◈ = 2nd out.
◈ = 3rd out.
◇ = run brought in.
∴ = struck out.
/ = 1 base.

Umpires: Colby + Wood.
Date August 17th 1901.

Total score.

Merrymeeting	13
Belgrade	4

In our favor - inserted below

84

...nday Aug. 18. A very beautiful day. In the afternoon Francis Richards left us - About five o'clock all the rowboats, the Sly Fox and the Pink took us to a point on the east shore below Gleason's. where we had a very pleasant tea picnic - We said good bye to Mr + Mrs Gray, who are leaving tomorrow morning -

...nday Aug 19 Weather fine - In the morning a squad put in some good work corking the middle pontoon of the float, which had got very leaky and come adrift - Uncle Bob left after dinner - Baseball in the afternoon - H. R., L. J. H., E. Farley and H. H. R. went to Bog Brook in two canoes - We found it very beautiful and interesting. Couldn't go very far in canoes and the walking was very uncertain - I got three fine large tree fungi - Found some enormous Sagittaria - H. R. + H. H. R. in the Pink canoe from the mouth of the brook to camp in 34 minutes.

...esday Aug. 20. Cloudy and still - Much work on the float. We finally got the ~~S~~ middle pontoon under and fastened in place - Also spent some time arranging the moorings of the Sly Fox and the Williwaw, which had given way in the blow last Friday - Short swim in the morning, ditto in afternoon after ~~[illegible]~~ a baseball game - Games on the hill in the evening, followed by "Boston" and reading aloud - H. Fay has tonsilitis.

Wednesday Aug. 21. A good day. All hands spent the morning catching bait. Result something over 200 grakers and crickets. The afternoon fishing was not so successful. Three boats went out and stayed till nearly eight o'clock. and brought back 7 fish. A very good sing song in the evening.

Thursday Aug 22. Cloudy in the morning, clear and hot in the afternoon. Two all-day trips were run off, one in the Sly Fox to North Belgrade station via Belgrade Mills, Long Pond, Belgrade Stream and Snow Pond; the other in the Williwaw, Yammerschoon, Identical, Pink and Rob Roy to the Rocky Hill at the head of Long Pond. The Sly Foxes left camp at 8.50. The following ones left at 9.50 for the Rocky Hill. H. H. R., Roger, Charlie Storey and Jim Maitland in the Williwaw, J. W. R., Hoguet, Hubbard and Francis in the Yammerschoon, The Dean, the Statesman, Moses and the Chimb in the Identical, R. R. McBarron and S. Robinson in the Pink and Marcel and Sammy in the Rob Roy. We took about two hours to the head of Long Pond, lunched there and scrambled over the rocky bed of the brook to climb to the little pond; there we left Rosalie and struck up to the left over very rough climbing, big rocks piled up in

a sort of slide, to a cliff near the top; about vertical - The crowd went around this cliff to the top, where we had a very fine view of Long Pond, Great Pond and the surrounding country - This is a much better climb than any of the other hills about here - Left the top about 2.00, embarked soon after 3.00 - A strong head wind down Long Pond slowed us up a good deal, but we reached camp soon after 5.00, and the 3 Rangeley and the Sweet Byrd went over to Gleason's for the Sly foxes, getting there just in time -

"Sly Fox"

August 22d

A. Gray.

N. Bennett - Hartt
Betty - Bill
Alice - Jack
Eliot - John

N.R

Start	8.50	
Mills	9.30	
E. Mt. V.	11.20	10m camp hunting for fire 35m
Left E. Mt. V.	12.05	
Lunch place	12.20	1hr 40m stop
Left " "	2.00	
Pond	3.30	
Island	3.50	25m stop
Left Island	4.15	
N. Belgrade	4.43	
Left "	5.00	
Gleason's landing	5.40	
Camp	6.00	

Total time
Camp to camp 9hr 10m

Total time
Camp to N. Belgrade 7hr 53m.
2hr 40m stop

Running time
Camp to N. Belgrade 5hr 13m

Friday Aug 16 — Robert H. Richards } Miss Lord we know not
Francis A. Richards. } how.

Aug. 22 (cont.) The Skipper's notes tell the story of the paddle
We had a perfect, with a mild head wind on
Long Pond, and a strong fair wind up Messalonskee.
On Long Pond, we ran on a Rock! It made
a horrible scrunch. Some say A.M.R. jumped
clear out of her seat, but it is a libel. Not
much damage, fortunately. We got under every
bridge, rather to our surprise; once we had to
lie flat on the bottom. Dinner at the
old place. The mess-folks swarm, but
reported horrible smells, owing to dead fish
It was warm, but I the scribe, was
kept cool; fed by Elsie, shoved by Jack.
We spent a few minutes on the
island, and so came roaring across
to the station, where we left the Fox
in the Supt's yard. So overland
afoot to Pleasant's, where we arrived
half a minute ahead of Dr. Chung.
Food begins to make good reading,
Lucetta Heralding.

On this day came large quantities of
fruit, pears, plums & peaches, for the
camp, from Mr & Mrs Gray. We are
all very grateful.

22nd
(C.) Mentions the Old Ground, which she but does not surrender (to temptation,) remains at home.
Be the names of these faithful recorded!
LEB. Elizabeth Gray, the Hamiltons, Dr Chas. Henry Gay, and Philip Brems. We, pursuing the Path of Virtue, toiled and spun, each after his manner. (N.B. Philip's manner was chiefly yelling, and Elizabeth's singing him quiet.) When dinner-time came, we gathered cheerfully about the table, which was clearly visible to the naked eye, and partook of such viands as the Departed had left us. They had taken with them

All the Bread,
All the Johnnycake,
All the Doughnuts;

but our lofty spirits rose above such sordid trifles, and we only avenged ourselves by being better, which is not allowed at dinner.

Then we had reading out at the Point, and all except Dr Chas and the Son of Toil had a walk, and so the day went quickly, till the good hour that brought the wanderers home again.

day
23rd A good day, ~~calm~~ fair to cloudy, with a good southerly breeze. The brethren worked as usual in the morning, and J. H. H. R. went to Oakland on a bicycle. In the afternoon the brethren played baseball and all the Richards family ~~and~~ except J. R and H. R. went, accompanied by

Billy, to the celebration of Mr + Mrs Seth Bickford's golden wedding. Almost everybody was there, and we had a most enjoyable time. In the evening the Skipper announced that Mr O'Brien, the detective, had found out the man who committed the robbery on the day of our first game with Belgrade and had recovered all the stolen money. This was returned to its owners, who were apparently glad to get it.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Bickford
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richards
and family's company
at the fiftieth anniversary
of their marriage Aug. 23, 1901
from two to six o'clock at
their residence in north Belgrade.

N. B. I. LEK. protest against this mean, miserly description account of the Golden Wedding. We all had on our best clothes, and looked most amazing. you we did. And we made queer with the flowers

and K.N.R.

Sunday
Sept 24

S.E. Pope, Gardiner, Me.

Sly Fox

R. E. Andrews -

R. Hooper	R. Hoquet
T. Briggs	Sly. Robinson
J.W.R.	M. Robinson
F.M.B	L.J.H.

K.N.R.

Start -/..	8.32	
Gleason's	8.53.	
Snow Pond	9.40	
" " lv.	9.56	
Island	10.35	.39
End of Pond	10.57.	.22
Stream	11.07	1.34
Dinner ar.	12.41	
" lv.	2.13	
Long Pond	3.13	1.00
Mills ar.	4.17	1.04
" lv.	4.54.15	
Camp.	5.26.	.31 3/4
Running time —	5.10 3/4	
Total time. Camp to Camp	8.54	
North Belgrade - "	7.30	

The running time given does not include 10m spent at the south end of Snow Pond, looking for the stream. This makes it 5hrs 20 3/4m i.
The record made from the Mills to camp was against a light east wind - I am not absolutely sure of this time (31 3/4), but sure enough to put

it down as a record - We went to N. Belgrade station & boats and on foot, had a strong head wind down & now Pond & spent some time in finding stream and ran one or one rock - All the way the S. F. steered abominably - until Belgrade Mills - The trip up the stream was uneventful - On Long Pond a shower came up, very fine to see as it was coming and very soothing when it came - We got wet. Very wet - From the Mills home we bailed it - We made the substitute paddle, and paddled, in intervals of steering, so violently that I busted the elephant spanker just before we reached the float -

Rose at home had a quiet day - G. M. R & L. E. R jr left for Gardiner on the 11.18 train - John, Billy, Harry and Eliot left in the Squaw Rock & Pink about 11.20 for East Pond -

Sunday Aug. 25. A little rain in the morning, followed by clearing weather in the afternoon. After reading in the afternoon, some of us went for a walk, others went in the Sly Fox a short distance up Meadow Brook - The Robins went to Round Island in the Rob Roy and were late to supper. Four

A SONG OF SOME OF US.

(Air: "John Peel.")

Do ye ken Bill Ladd, with his smile so bright?
Do ye ken Bill Ladd, with his ducks so white ? (!)
Do ye ken Bill Ladd ?he's the campers' delight,
When he goes with the mail in the morning.

Chorus.

For the sound of his voice made me leave my corn-bread,
And I sprang from the table but just half -fed;
Bills"Last call for mail!" would awaken the dead,
Or the camp from its sleep in the morning.

Do ye ken Harry Fay,with his tie so yellow ?
Do ye ken Harry Fay, with his whoop and his bellow ?
Do ye ken Harry Fay ?he's a right jolly fellow,
When he comes from his books in the evening.

Chorus.

For the sight of his face brings light to the room,
And his laugh drives away every thought of gloom;
Harry Fay's "Why, yes!" would bring smiles from the tomb,
Or a laugh to our lips in the evening.

Yes, I ken Harry Fay, and Bill Ladd too,
Gus with the black eyes, Sam with the blue;
Cherub and Haggy, we'll ne'er forget you,
Nor the rest of the boys in the morning.

For the sun shines bright, and the wave rolls blue,
And there's work and there's play, lads, for me and for you.
Here's health and long life to the Merryweather crew;
May they long come to Camp in the morning!

brethren went out in the Birch and had a slight race with the Sly Fox, with but indifferent success. Hymns in the evening. The four wanderers came back from East Pond while we were at supper. They got very wet, but had a good time. But let them speak for themselves.

Monday, July 26. The breaking-up gets too near to be pleasant. This morning departed Jeannie Maitland. In the afternoon Hoot-Mon-Rose-bud Robin by the same train which brought back me, A. M. B. Betty I left in the metropolis to come out at some future date. Also in the afternoon departed the Ideal Campers, Messrs. Briggs, Hoguet, and Hartt, for a night at Hoyt's Island. (N. B. They tested their sugar before they started this time. Later a great game of scrub, in which the ladies played a prominent part. After tea canoes, singing and games. The moon was most wonderful, and the pond as level as a mirror. Swim? perhaps - and then go

Philip Beaux. Inquiries: "Well, if I love Washington I don't see why I should not love his pie!"

rday, 27. Began the great sport, for which see next page. In the evening we had reading, "Bethesda Pool", and "Joe Jenning", by the Distinguished Authoress.

nday, 29. This morning departed Charles Hubbard; a very fine young man, in stiff collar and shirt. Also for the familiar blue jeans and its hole!

Wednesday August 28th Alice Gardiner
Robt H Gardiner
Anne H Richards—
Francis. R. Richards.
Alice Gardiner
Julius W. Atwood
Robert Tallowell Gardiner Jr
Anna Lowell Gardiner

The above distinguished strangers came from Gardiner to the Mills in a buckboard, thence to camp in the good ship Nomad. They made a very short stay, much too short, we all thought, and departed as they came. Other important events of the day were a call from some East Pond

the second half of the
friends in the morning. ~~A~~ great athletic
meet on Soja's field in the afternoon
and a Sing Song in the evening. In
the meet the faculty decided not to
run in any events, as they all were
feeling a bit lazy. Events and
winners are given below.

	Winner	2d	3rd	Points North	Points South
1. Junior Broad				5	4
2. J. Running High					8
3. S. 100 yds.				9	0
4. J. 100 yds.				6	3
~~5. S. Dragged~~					
6. J. "					
7. S. standing High.					
8. J. "					
9. Pole vault.			Farley	9	0
10 S. H & J.				8	1
11. J. baseball	Gould	Hoffer	Storey	5	4
12. J. shot put				4	5
13. S " "				6	3
14. S. Broad			Richards	8	1
15. S. Baseball			Farley	9	0
16. S. running High		Briggs	Richards	8	1
17. Potato race					
~~Tug of war~~					
				9	6

DOCTOR CHUG.

(Air; "~~xxxxxx~~ Der Krähwinkler Landsturm!")

You may talk of the Skipper, and also Mr Dick;
But there's somebody else that we want when we are sick.

Chorus. Doctor Chug is the man! Doctor Chug is the man!
He will set you to rights, boys, if anybody can.

Oh, I ate just a little of that huckleberry cake,
And I really don't see why my head begins to ache;

Chorus. Doctor Chug is the man! etc.

Oh, I barked all my shins, sir, a'wrestling with Mose!
Oh, I've stepped on some tin, sir, and cut up all my toes!"

Chorus. Doctor Chug is the man! etc.

Mr Beans, 'pears to me, sir, you're looking very ill;
Come and have some castor oil, and a pretty little pill!

Chorus. Doctor Chug is the man! etc.

~~Oh, I feel of a sudden a very horrid pain;~~
And I never will eat these green apples again.

Chorus. Dr Chug is the man! etc.

Then hurrah! for our Doctor, so wise and so good;
May he long kindly watch o'er our conduct and our food!

Chorus. Dr Chug is the man! etc.

L&S

First trial heat in junior, 100 yds - ~~round~~ won by Robinson, time, 14 sec. 2d Hooper, 3rd. Andrews. Second heat won by N. Bennett, time 14 1/5 sec. second, Gould, third A. Gray.

First trial heat in potato race won by Hartt, time. 23 2/5 sec. Second ~~heat~~ Hoguet. Second heat won by Ladd, time 24 3/5, second N. Bennett. Third heat won by Andrews, time 24, second Richards -

The following records were established:

	Junior broad jump,	~~Hooper~~ N. Bennett	12.85 feet
	" high "	S. Robinson	3 ft 8 in
	" 100 yds dash	S. Robinson	14 sec.
	" 3 legged race	{Hooper A. Gray}	22 sec -
x	" baseball throw	Gould	156 ft. 2 in -
x	" shot put (~~12 lbs~~)	Andrews	25 ft.
	Senior shot put (12 lbs)	Fay	26.15 ft.
	" baseball throw	"	249.95 ft.
	" running high	"	4 ft. 2 in
x	Potato race	Hartt	23 sec -

x = new event -

Aug 11 & 12 Ancient history — Camp Barhoobenray.

Back in the elevens and twelves of the month, a party of five (S. Bennett, R. Hooper, F. Gray, A. Gray, & F. M. Barton) started for the southern end of the 'island'. Starvation seemed perched on our mast head, for we were the first to set out ~~with~~ under the new rules [The "ideal campers" who camped out on the night of the tenth cannot be counted, as they had the privilege of kerosene in their fire and salt in their cocoa. On the other hand, we had shavings, but they didn't.]

The rations were: Cocoa (with sugar), pilot bread, spuds, and salt pork.

After a thorough exploration, we landed on the west shore of Austin's Bog, near by a forgotten cart-path. Our camp was on a ridge with the pond on one side and low ground on the other. Our tent was sheltered and extremely cozy, some twenty paces from the kitchen. As this was some distance, we spent most of our time in the kitchen.

Supper lasted from seven till nine and was accompanied and followed by the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, abbreviated (not S.H., but the adventures

During the night it rained, but we were well protected by hemlocks.
We rose early and went fishing. As it was very cloudy, and Roger's watch refused to keep even day-time, we cannot tell how long it took us to catch three fish. But during that time, Gus Gray showed marvelous cunning in dropping his rod overboard, and thereby gaining an extra swim. After a delicious mouthful of pilot cracker, we all took a "bully" morning swim, and then began breakfast.
Never before nor since has there been such a breakfast. It not only broke our fast all to smithereens, but broke all standing and reclining records. We began at about seven o'clock, and at twelve o'clock we said farewell to Camp Bar-hoo-ben-say with tears in our eyes and a potatoe in our mouth. In the meanwhile there were various expeditions and a delightful swim.
It is rumored that when we got home (at one o'clock) Roger sat down to dessert but could not eat on account of painful memories. Roger F. Hooper.

Thursday, Aug. 29. Our gallant Haggie's fifteenth birthday & We wished him many happy returns at breakfast and he returned thanks in a neat, though brief, speech. Long may he wave!

Laura Dearborn Bradstreet —
Mrs F. Bradstreet —

With they had stayed longer, but they couldn't. Also, per Jolly Roger, Mr. Colby, Harvard '02, with family and friends. Afternoon tea on the piazza, while the brethren played base-ball. Games on the hill, in the evening, followed by "Zadoc Pine", and a fast and furious game of "Boston". But Billy Ladd sat up till half-past nine — a most unusual thing, by bicycle, Mr. Dicks and John, for a night in town. Only one, fortunately.

Happy Day.
On this day.
He twice five ears of corn!
Such a boy as he
I never did see
Since the day that I was born.

30. Julia's birthday; and yet it was a morning of sorrow, for Eliot left us. He went for a swim with the rest, but presently he emerged from the dormitory in dark coat and white collar, a painful but imposing spectacle. And then he went away.

Oh Eliot's gone off on the railroad!
Oh Eliot's gone off on the train!
Oh Eliot's gone off on the railroad!
Oh bring back our Eliot again!

But as we dried sorrowfully, we heard a whoop, and two mighty splashes. And lo! Mr. Dick and John, disporting themselves in the drink, having ridden all the way from Gardnier.

In the afternoon arrived visitors for Roger, in a large car; Mr. and Mrs. Cutter, and Mr. and Mrs. Cutter. Not knowing their first names, it is difficult to distinguish them.

In the afternoon, all was preparation and bustle, pins, needle and thread. The girls sewed, the boys wanted to know how this old thing went on, anyway, and what in thunder they were to do with that, and whether one of the young ladies couldn't just make some pentacles, or an overcoat, or a tail, or a pair of wings. "Just a stitch, you know!" was the phrase most in use, and was supposed to smooth indefinitely the path of accomplishment. And so we came to

The Fancy Ball.

(Air: "The Irish Christening.")

'Twas down in auld Camp Cunnamatha,
We were together,
All in high feather,
With spirits let loose from the tether,
Prepared for an evening of fun:
When a Squaw 'gan to play the pianner,
Brown as a tanner,
From Indiana,
And proclaimed in the liveliest manner
That the Fancy Dress Ball was begun.

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Then in at the door they came.
Neville the Devil and Sammy the Gobbelin,
Betty the Fashion-plate, Dicky the Tramp,
The Chinaman, Bobby and Beans;
Charlie the Cowboy and Francis the Tar,
Philip the Lad-hen disguised as an Ethiop,
Chumbo the Vagabond, Gussie the Dude,
('Twas they were the pair of spellpuns!)

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Oh, but then was the time for the marching,
And for the starching,
And for the arching,
Was the eyes of the ladies were searching,
As they looked at the lads of their choice,
And the darlings all set up a howling,
And a growling,

And a growling.
And the Monk in the Devil was crowing,
And called them Bëlzebub's sons.

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'Twas Marcel was an African dandy,
All so handy,
Spick and spandy,
And Stewart, with hair that is sandy,
'Twas he was a statesman of Greece;
And Miss Rosalind she was a nun, sir,
Very like one, sir,
Only in fun, sir,
The Hamiltons, nobly he done, sir,
Brother Anthony, tall as the trees.

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Harry and Bill were husband and wife,
Black as the crows, and they yelled like a flock o' them;
Elizbeth and Dean were a Shepherdess pair,
And who so bewitching as they?
Rene the Sandwich-man, Roger the maid,
Miss Julie in armor and Jack in a petticoat,
John and the Doctor so lovely and fair,
In rose-colored flounces so gay.

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Baby Donald he brought up the rear, then;
Rather queer, then,
But a dear, then,
And his "Goo-goo!" was something to hear, then,
As he plunged with his mug and his spoon;

Then the company all fell a-dancing.
And a-prancing,
And a-glancing
At each other's appearance entrancing.
Till bed-time came only too soon.

LEB

Aug. 31. Chiefly picking up the pieces. In the afternoon the whole company got into paint and feathers again, to be photographed; and just as the great task was finished, arrived Robert Hallowell Gardiner Jr.; with sailor-bags. And they all swam, and the darkies did their best to get their fares clean. In the evening we had our last charades; also the Song of the Ball, as above, and Killaloe, and O'Grady's Goat. Then "Boston", and so to bed.

Sept. 1. The last service, with "Lead, kindly Light" and "The Spacious Firmament". Dinner was quite superb, with chocolate sauce on the ice-cream. After reading Johnson and Hallowell departed in the Viola for Colonsay and Sandwich. Packing ensued, varied by capsize of the new "Pie-Plant". Then and half brethren tiffed off this splendid craft; that is, Hoggie, Roger, and Bobby fell out and struggling half in. In the evening we finished "Clifford", and the Skipper

told us about the habitations of man..

Tu. 2. Here beginneth the book of the Exodus. Half an hour early the dormitories gave up their sleepers, and for the last time the great crowd went in; Sammy and Neville, Francis and the Chemb, and all the others. The Smith mess came at half-past five, having been ordered at quarter of seven; but we sent him away with an empty can. In consequence he was late. After breakfast, the last packing was done, in the shape of blanket rolls and valises. And at last Mr. Barton marshalled his band in the hay-wagon: a kindly Canuck, with his rabble rout; a youthful mess. Many of us went with them, in the wagon, and on wheels. To tell the truth, we couldn't bear to let them go. At the top of the hill they gave a rousing cheer, and so passed out from the gate. At the station we had to wait, of course. All hands were weighed, and the Chemb perched on a dirty kerosene barrel, and brought his hands back to their normal condition of black. And then came good-byes; too sad to go into details. And so the train went away, with the dear lads waving their hats out the window. — whereby the Chemb lost his hat, and us. Dick sprinted valiantly, but vainly,

down to Lakeside to catch steam. - The home-coming was sad. Those who had gone were as follows:

Mr. Barton,
The mud-Hen, alias Philip Hartt,
The Shitty Statesman; otherwise Bobby Andrews,
Elizabeth Gray,
Francis Gray,
Stupid, the Cherub; alias Mark Wheelwright,
Neville } Bennett,
Sam }
Roger Hooper,
Charlie Storey; and, last and least,
Mr. Philip Beam.

We swam, somewhat sadly, and had a funny little dinner, with only seventeen at table. After dinner we began "Huckleberry Finn"; and Mr. Clarence Colby came to call, with a huge bag of summer meetings. We approve of Mr. Colby. At we were at supper arrived,

Rev. Frederic Gardiner. We forgot to get his signature, so I forge it. In the evening some of us went up to the post-office and had music.

3. This morning Cousin Ted went, and also our dear nice Dean. Then we read, and swam, and in the afternoon a select crew went in the Sly Fox to Belgrade Lakes. 38 min. over, 39 min. back. And when we came back, we found distinguished guests, to wit,

Elizabeth Stoddard.

J. H. Gardiner

In the evening we had a good "Boston" for all hands.

4 This morning was enlivened by the sight of Capt. Jacks in Dr. Clough's crimson bathing-suit. But the Exodus continues. Augustine departed in solitary grandeur; though he spared our feelings to a certain extent, and wore his camp clothes to the last. And then Mr. Dick departed for Katahdin; alas and wellaway! But we closed up the ranks as well as we might, and had a good tea-picnic, with much singing on the way home.

5 Still more departures. This time it was Marcel, and our own Hoggie; they were clothed in raiment gorgeous to behold, especially René, whose trousers and socks were a sight to see. The sad remnant had reading. And then Stewart, even he

who is called Cuttlefish, and I, H.M.R. manned the gallant Pie-Plant, and paddled out to Pickerel Rock. Thus I have the honour of being the first woman who ever set foot on that gallant craft. I also dove from the float, and jumped from the spring-board. After dinner we finished "Huckleberry Finn"; and didn't do much else, as it was hot. The evening was spent chiefly in canoes; and later some went swimming.

Sept. 6 Here depart I, Alice M. Richards.

And sent me more to entertain go. But it recorded that she sent me back grapes from Waterville, by him who returned to me, even John the Brother. It was good to see him back again, the more because after dinner we had two more of our little party. Jack Hall and Stuart Robinson. — Later, R.R. and LEK "led them a dance", and went to make calls, in pump and a Concord wagon. Evening in boats and on float.

Sept. 7th Hot! so we took matters quietly, reading and talking and swimming. The only event, the tragic news of the assassination of the President. Evening as before, boating and floating — and fanning.

Sept. 8th Thus was our last party! for in the night the north-east wind got up and said

"Willie Wave !!!"

and this morning found the waves leaping white and blue, and the wind roaring, and the sun shining, all in the most glorious manner imginable. So we set the fire roaring against the wind, and said "Hurrah for September!" — Our last service for this year. A quiet day altogether, with much reading of the Women Boy, and some music; morning as beautiful a one to look at as ever I saw.

In the evening Harp departed, to our sorrow.

Sept. 9th Our dear Henry Jay left us, and the hearts of the company were weary with woe. We did not know to let him go at all, but it had to be: he went, and Mr Hamilton with him. But we said "Hurrah for us!" and filled up the fire, and did our best. But oh! Betty went too!

"No partings must cast on our spirits a dempn,
For no one delights in a sorrowful company."

It was so cold, and blew so hard, that we had to go up on the hill for the afternoon reading. We began "Letters from High Latitudes."

Sept. 10th Cold in the morning, but growing warm through the day. In the afternoon appeared suddenly Maud Howe Elliott and John Elliott.

This night S.J.N. made ration, with great vehemence, about 2.a.m. Empress of Caucasus.

Sept. 11th Harry Wood, the cook, left & we returned to former camp erections, with the important difference of having Clinton, the Tower of Strength to wash the dishes. It rained most of the day in Kamenisnoi which was unfortunate, but we had music and bathing and reading, and the day passed pleasantly enough a joyful night. Mr. London sings very well, and delighted us by singing the Dutch National Song. "Wilhelmus von Nassen". The rain increased to a perfect deluge at night. (We played "cribbage", and drank tea & ate bread and potatoes!

Sept. 12th "Cloudy & clearing" in the morning, but a delightful air. We went in boats, all hands over to Rocky Mountain Brook, a most lovely place. Picked and picked them on the rocks a flight of rather lackily, and home just in time for 13 Wilson the London to catch his 2.55 train. No tears fishing-rods were to be seen then the rain came down on the pond again, so we had a shut-in afternoon, enlivened k day. by a long visit from the Alexanders and the Clarence. Hurrah for the Flying Dutchman!

Sept. 13th. Our last day! Austin Heard departed in the morning. The rest of us have been busy all day packing. It is a glorious day, everything sparkling and fresh after the storm.

Song of the Spanksticks.

(Air: "Voici la Salon!" Offenbach.)

Here is the Spanksticks of the Camp, brothers;
Take it, and use it where 'tis due!
Seek out the sodgers and the scamps, brothers;
Prong we find neither one in you!
All who've been scrapping in the parlour,
All who've been slopping of their food,
All who've been wiggling during reading,
For such as these the Spanksticks is good.

Bring forth the Spanksticks, the Spanksticks, the Spanksticks;
Bring forth the Spanksticks, and lay it on amain!
Bring forth the Spanksticks, the Spanksticks, the Spanksticks;
And prong that the brother who needs it today
May not need it tomorrow again!

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Who's been a-teasing Elliot Farley,
Called him a buggy-faced lobster-pot?
Who's been a-teasing things at Cherley?
Who stole the doughnuts that were hot?
Who left his paddle in the float, boys?
Don't tell me it was the — hush!
Who didn't fasten up his boat, boys,
And come to supper all in a rush?

Bring forth the Spanksticks, &c &c.

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Wella. Wella! Kerspann and Yelk! a fine day. and a fine swim i start'll with. Everybody packing. Christm mild, serene

Sept 14 - and helpful. Letters yesterday from the Dean, and from our Poor Harry (the latter's Quite Shocking), who got home to find his family had broken its fast without and there was no one to welcome him! The cotton tatting. flag. and mg. are hanging in neat festoons from the rafters, the soaps removed from the vent of rats, the mats are up. and the tents down. On this day sorrowfully depart L.E.R., H.R. R.R. J.R., L.J.H. & W.T.S.

Hinnah for next time!

Books read this year:

Dr. Kane (A.I.)
Two Years Before the Mast.
Chitral.
Letters from High Latitudes (with the gram. eyes)
Eyes Fom Slavery.

Pickwick Papers
Francis Chudde
Huddleston Finn.
Sharing of Shaggpa
Prince Prigio
Prince Ricardo

Mid-Summer Night's Dream.
The Taming of the Shrew.

1902

June 23d Arrived

Rosalind Richards.
Julia Ward Richards
Laura Elizabeth Richards, Jr.
William Fowle Ladd, Jr.
Henry Richards
Andrew W. Johnson.
John Burns

Camps opened, Three tents. The Skippers'. the Faculty's. the Ladies'. set up; oh yes. also Anchors'. Beds set up, good supper. first layers of dirt removed.

The Camps was broken into several times in the winter, chinton says. and several face-rails and a few fishing things are missing. Rats have taken the tacks off most of the books, corners of doors; etc; and all the shuttle-cocks.

Milland, chinton. and all the family in splendid trim. but the Young Horse died this winter of the Lock jaw.

2 water pewees nests on piazza. one view by boat house. two Wilson Thrushes up the path.

June 24.

Infirmary washed. Linen & medicines arranged.
South Dormitory washed.
Mirrors. Soap dishes. etc. washed.
Shoes unpacked. etc. Store house arranged. Both days cold and bright. with occasional showers.
Work began on new tent, and Millard began digging out for boat house.

June 25. Boat house cleared out & picked up.
North Dormitory washed.
~~[illegible]~~.
South dormitory beds set up. mirrors. etc.
Float put out. Boats sheltered

June 26.

Thinks rain till middle 9 p.m.
Living-room washed & swept. also Skippers tent.
North Dormitory arranged.
Lord paddle in Ebenezer in P.M. L.E.R.J. caught 1

June 27. Ladies' tent washed.
Hole for boat house nearly dug.

Arrived:
Laura L Richards.
H. H. Richards
John Richards

The wind blew!

June 28 J.W.P. did sunday - rang sunday - errands at Oakland.
Arrived, at 5.15;

Earl R Putnam, Jr.
John W. Simons.
Robert. E. Andrews
Philip W. Simons.
Abbot Stevens
Dale Stevens Jr.
Arvid, M. Pendleton.
E. M. Wheelwright Jr.
Brewster Davenport.
Herbert H. Wagenhals
Rene Hoguet
Stephen S Bowles.
T. Gardner Aspinwall
Henry Kenneth Bush.
Philip. W. Carter.
Marcel. N. Gourd.
Robert J. Graves.
F. M. Barton

June 29. Sunday

Sky fx Trip. John, Wagenhals, Davenport, Hoguet, Bush, Aspinwall, Simons, Marcel, Andrews.

Walking party with Mr. Barton.

Boats put out to their moorings.

June 30. T.T's birthday.

Sky Fox trips to North Belgrade. J.W.T. L.E.R. jr. H.H.T. Captain, Wagenhals, Aspinwall, Bush, Wheelwright, Davenport. J.T.

In the evening extra fine charades:

Ram - part.

Birth - day. Superb sleeping-car scene; scattering of J. Simons' entire wardrobe among the audience. Court-scene in Algiers; witness in magnificent costume of the period. J. Simons gives powerful rendering of the Dey's wrath. Tragic fate of second wife. Whole word. Graceful and felicitous presentation of Cake, by B. Davenport. T.T. had two cakes, roses and wreaths, and the best of birthdays.

July 1.

Arrived N.Y. Bay St.

Just after supper, short but remarkably effective Williwaw, interrupting games on the hill. Later, Will-Will resumed, and exit W. Ladd's shirt, Mr Ladd not being able to appear again till next morning at breakfast.

Institution of the great Towel Game, to which I am pained to say, with H.H. Whitney hath third. A few fragments still remain.

July 2.

Clear, a little warmer, though there has not been one really warm day yet, all glorious northwest coolness.

Fishing. J.G. Aspinwall caught 2 bass, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{4}$. Betty caught one, $1.\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

Expedition to Belgrade Mills, per yard ship Yankee schooner, W. Ladd master, P. Andrews mate, P. Boatswain, for fireworks, and sundries, almost, if not wholly, gunk.

First Concert:

Overture, Chopsticks, Opus 999, H.H. Jay, J.P. M. Burton

Piano Solo, Marcel Gomel.

Song, Killaloe, ~~Mr. Richards~~ Mr. Dick.

Duet, Magic Flute and Zoto, Brewster and Mr. Burton.

(This exquisite selection held the audience silent and breathless, and the two performers were so overcome by its beauty as to hide their faces throughout)

Song, The World-Wide Favorite, O'Gradys Goat, Mr. Burton.

Chorus: John Peel. The Bell. The Camp Song

July 3. Barometer, 29,36 Wind S.W.

Thermometer, 67°

Light steady rain nearly all day, beginning 9.15 A.M.

Arrived, 4.30 P.M. H.A. Hamilton.

All busy practicing in boats for the regatta

July 4

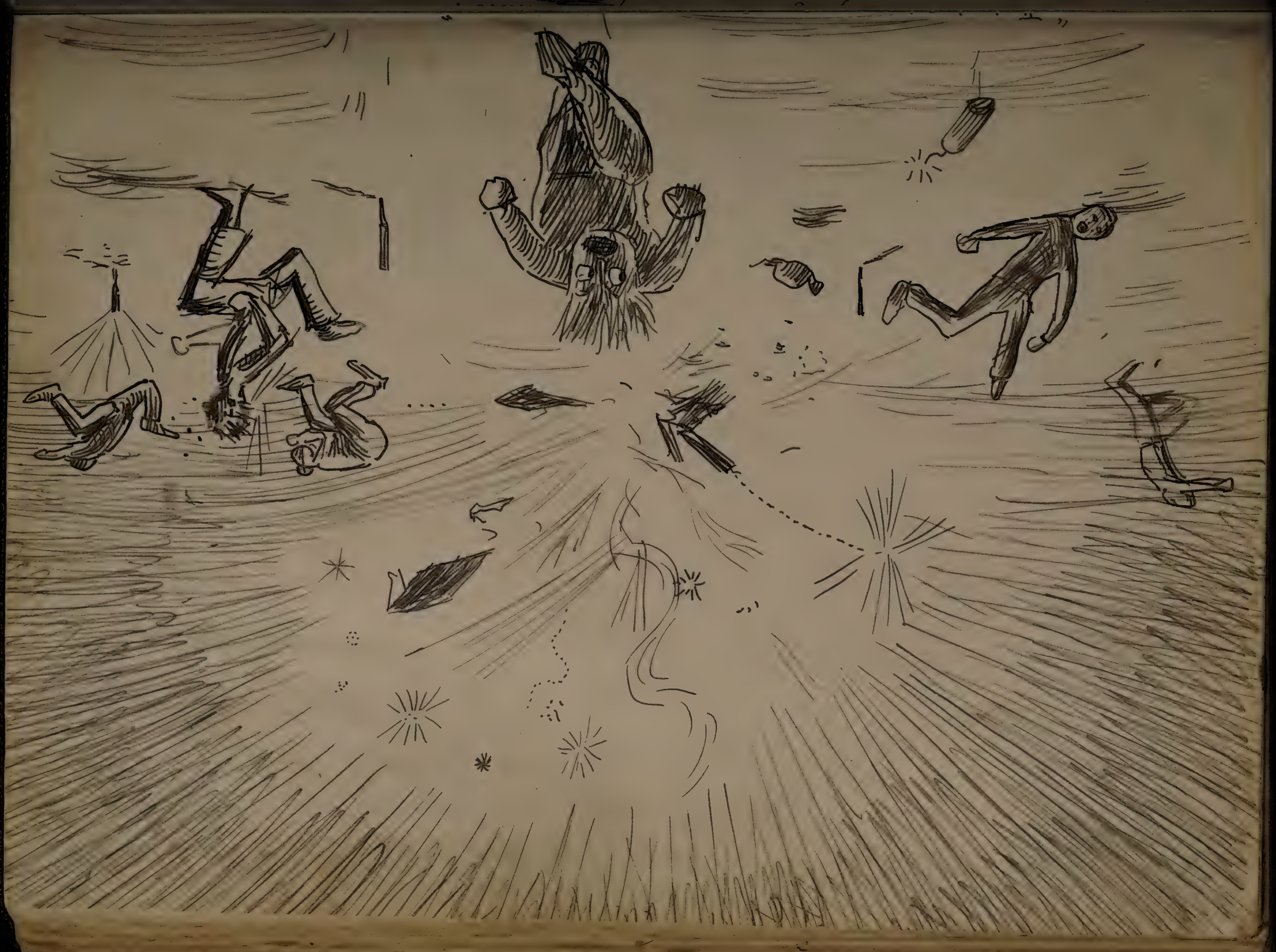
Wind, N. W.
Barometer, 29.48
Thermometer, 75°

The crackers — grand explosions of all sorts and sizes all over the Float.

Mr. Richards read the Declaration of Independence, and we sang America. Two more on the yachts, but the race is to be postponed. In the afternoon the Dromitory Game, the score on the opposite page. The South were of course overmatched, but played gallantly. Billy Ladd started a finger-nail one that had been injured a good many times before, and had to stop playing and be bandaged up. P. Simons, though hampered by his great height, played a good game.

Continued bombardment of the Float, during which Brewster gallantly risked his life on several occasions, with cannon crackers. Simons and Andrews, though held at bay for some time in the Sanitical, finally stormed the float under a terrific fire of shot and shell.

Fireworks in the evening, a particularly fine display of rockets, fired in opposite directions, and crossing in the air. A diversion created by the simultaneous setting off of all the mines, and the burst, while still in the box, some guideless person having set off his fireworks on the box-head. Temporary scattering of the clans. There were very pretty Catharine wheels, and the best show of Roman candles we have had

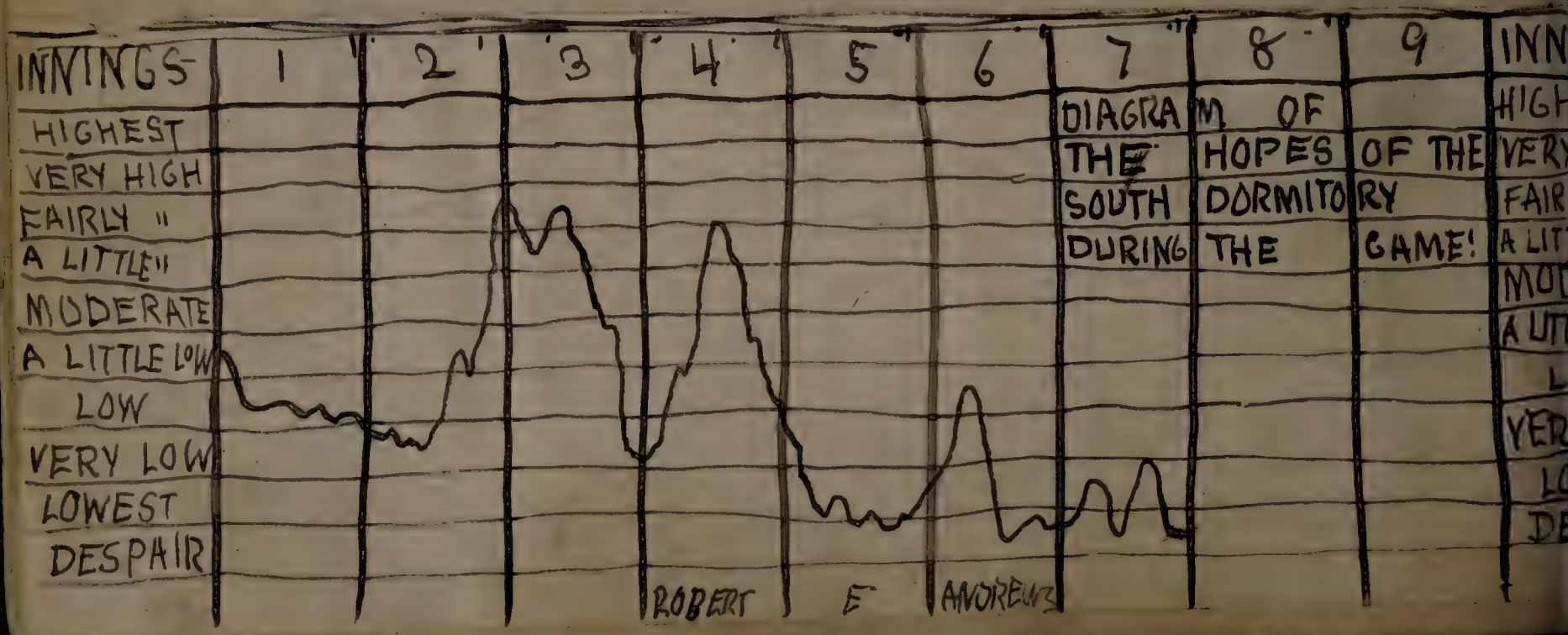


July

ROUND THE FIRE, AFTER THE FIREWORKS.

REA '02

IT WAS REA
JACK
SIMON'S
GAME!



	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
D. Stewart									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
Richardson									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
TOTAL	0	2 2	0	2 4	0 4	1 5			

North

DORMITORY

[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
[illegible]									
TOTAL	5 5	6 11	3 14	5 19	4 23	4 27	4 31		

BB = [illegible]
◇ = 1st. out
◇ = 2nd "
◇ = 3rd "
◇ = run brought in
' = struck out.
/ = one base given
// = 2 " "

Date: July 4th 1902
Umpire: H. [illegible]
Struck out by [illegible]
Base on balls by [illegible]
Wild pitches by [illegible]

Total sc
South Dormit
North Dormit

July 5

Barometer, 29.x

Thermometer, 78°

Wind, S.E., light, shifting with a sudden whoop to N.W. after supper. Uncheon (after putting cream of tartar into the biscuits instead of baking powder) "Holy Smoke, and Sulphur, and Moses!!"

- Stephen Bowles, in honour of the great race, had for supper 4 plates of beans, 3 rolls, 2 pilot breads, 1 doughnut, 1 saucer of shortcake.

THE GENIAL HOG CUTS HIS FINGER,
A VERY GRAVE (S) MATTER.

Yno Wil
tens f
91 Hoy
Island

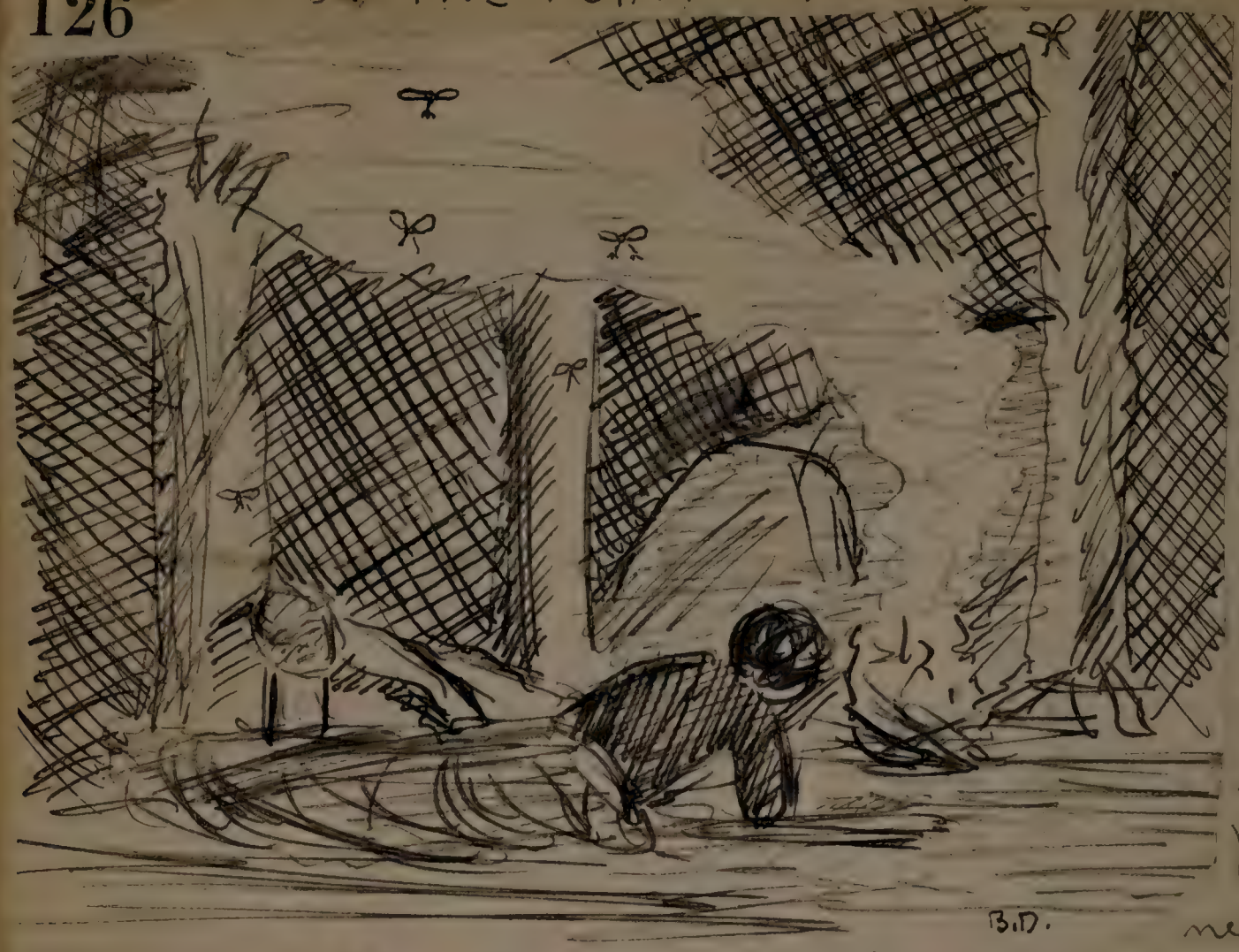
The great regatta was an unqualified success. The number of boats entered (19) was greater than in any previous race, and the contest between the first half dozen yachts was close and exciting. The wind was light, from the south, barely enough to ruffle the water, and the Jolly Cum-Pop, by successfully defending the cup under these conditions, proved herself a very able ship in all weather, as two years ago she won the cup in a very stiff breeze. The Ivory Soap finished second, the Ponderosa third, Comatabody fourth. There were 19 entries

Jolly-cum-Pop. Defender	La Bretagne
Ivory Soap, second	Buzz-fish
Ponderosa, third	Mistake
Wagstaff	Chant of Israel
Comatabody, fourth	Jolly Roger, 5th
American Express	Nevertheless-however-but.
Jelly-fish	
Jabberwock, 6th	
Doodle-bug	

At 4.45 arrived

Herbert S. Kimball.

ON THE POINT. NIGHT OF JULY 5TH.



ON THE POINT.
(OBSERVE THE MOSQUITOS)

At ten oclock Mr Barton and Brewster Dawe[illegible] started out to spend the night on the point.

They were wea[illegible]ed down with magic flutes, zobos, blankets, pennyroyal, mosq[illegible] nettings and last but not least candy and doughnuts. They at last selected a place where the ground was a little less like a miniature mount[illegible] range, than the rest of the point, where they planned to spend the night.

They then started a roaring fire and wrapping themselves around in their blankets, they started a duet, on their respective musical (?) instruments, at the first note of which all the mosquitos vanished (they had troubled them a good deal before) and did not come back again that night. No doubt fearing they would hear some "more" music. Mr Barton and B.D. [illegible] spent a good night. The awoke 7.30. [illegible]d a swim and then walked back to c[illegible]

July 6 Sunday.
Barometer, 29.68
Thermometer, 77°
Wind N.N.W. Light. cloudy till 10 a.m., afterwards clear.

The Picnickers, all hands, after landing at Jamaica Point, [redacted] and finding it too slow and rocky round, and not liking a look at other inhospitable shores, landed at Indian [redacted] Island, where was a merry-go-round table, and pink shells, quite too sweet. We spun Mash, Stephen and Philip in turns on the table. Jam, pilot-bread, cold ham, doughnuts, biscuits, etc. consumed in the usual quantities, after which singing, and the fleet put to sea with a good head wind. The merry-go-round table seems a good idea. If any one, say the Chemist, is eating too much, spin his jam away from him.

July 7. A Wilson tern seen on the pond today.
Barometer, 29.77.
Thermometer, 71°
Wind S., fresh. Clear in a.m. gradually clouding up through the day. Wind strong in p.m., sharp thunder shower in the night.
Base-ball practice, Boston in the evening.

July 8.

Barometer 29.5
Thermometer 79°.
Wind S.W, light. Hot and muggy. Fair, about half cloudy.
At 3 p.m. arrived,
Anna Lowell Gardiner
J.H. Gardiner
William Tudor Gardiner

A very hot, but good game of baseball in the afternoon, followed by a swim for all hands who had been playing. In the evening, the mosquitoes were frightful this night, and we all took to the boats, and had singing. Later there was a race to rescue Hogan, Herbert, Marcel Dr. Graves, and Mr. Hamilton, who had been left on shore, and were borne off in triumph by the first boat to reach the float.

The Skipper went in town for the day and night.

July 9.-

Barometer, 29.26
Thermometer, 79°
Wind W., light. Sky almost overcast.

Cypripedium Spectabile found in the swamp near the station.

Expedition in the sky 4x to Hoyt's Island. Mr Dick, captain; Dale Stevens, P. Simons, Bow; Pendleton, Putnam, Carter, Bowles, Bush, J. H.

passenger. T.T. The rest of the party fished: 7 bass, 1 hog perch (J. Simons.) In the afternoon arrived the Skipper, and

Alice M. Richards; and Two Numbs.

Concert in the evening: programme follows.

Schubert March — A.M.T.

Song — Mr. Hamilton

Overture, Chopsticks (a little delayed). J.T., F.M.B., H.H.Y.

The Blackbird Anthem — T.T.

Grand continuation. Selection, Breisler & Mr. Barton

(Again they had to hide their faces)

Richard of Yamton Dean. — Mr. Dick.

Oddfellows Wall — Mr. Barton (tremendous applause)

Dr. Graves was put down for a song, but proved refractory at the last minute; he promises to be good next time.

Choruses: October, Old Yorker, etc.

10 -

Barometer 29.31

Thermometer 71°

Wind S.W., light. Rain all last night. Sky though A.M. almost wholly overcast, ~~after~~ mid- however whipped round to a lively northwester, and blew all clear in no time.

All hands fished. 7 bass, 1 hog perch (J. Richards). Chowder tomorrow. Northwest wind came on to blow strong, with fine surf, and T.T. went swimming. W.H.T. organized himself into a rescue party, and went in the Port Boy

to lead the fishers home; he also broke his paddle.

Bonfire in the evening, with fire crackers and Marsh's last rocket. A new and delightful sport discovered, rolling down hill rings, in pairs, and in threes. A high rate of speed was reached; H.N. Gay and W. Ladd were the crack team. Half-past nine had charades:

Spinnaker, and Bandetti.

July 11.

Barometer 29, 5 ☆

Thermometer 73°. Clear.

Wind, N.W. Strong in A.M., falling light after dinner.

Three expeditions: one to the bog, one fishing, and "the Sly Fox to Philips Mountain. The bog party brought home two great bunches of Pogonia and calopogon, red lilies, and white fringed orchis. The fishers caught 17 bass, and 3 horn pout (Dr. Graves, J.P. and Marsh); and the Sly Foxes had a glorious climb, and a fair wind home.

The campers have been more or less disturbed by the appearance in the neighborhood of a herd of Man-Eating Woods. These frightful creatures have been observed on already three different occasions on the neighboring hills. An enormous jaw-bone, found in the swamps by P. Nugent, and requiring great strength to carry it back with the camps, proves that they have

long term inhabitants of this region. As They are "extremely fierce if annoyed", the Merry weathers should be on their guard.

Two camping parties tonight; Davenport, J.R. and W. Ladd, to Hyde Island, and Andrews and Hoguet to the point. It is to be hoped the effects will not be as disastrous as those of last night's campers. After reading, J. Simons was discovered on the piazza, an inanimate form. He slept for nearly an hour, and was only roused by the combined efforts of the party (Hoguet and I DID NOT go out on the point!!) R.E.A.

12 Barometer, 29.45
Thermometer, 74° Moon 1st half.
Wind, W. Light - clear, slightly hazy.

Three birthdays - Nancy Fay's, Dale Stevens, and Bush's!

R.R and J.W.R. started for Oakland at 7.10, but when they got there decided not to take the horrid old train, which had been made enough to start twenty minutes before. Hurrah for the old horse! - They did huge numbers of errands in Oakland instead, and then went to S.P. Belgrade station, to meet the Honored guests, who were expected. The Honored guests had not come on the first train, so arrangements were made for a team to meet them at the second morning train. The team brought SIX huge salmon, sent from Grand

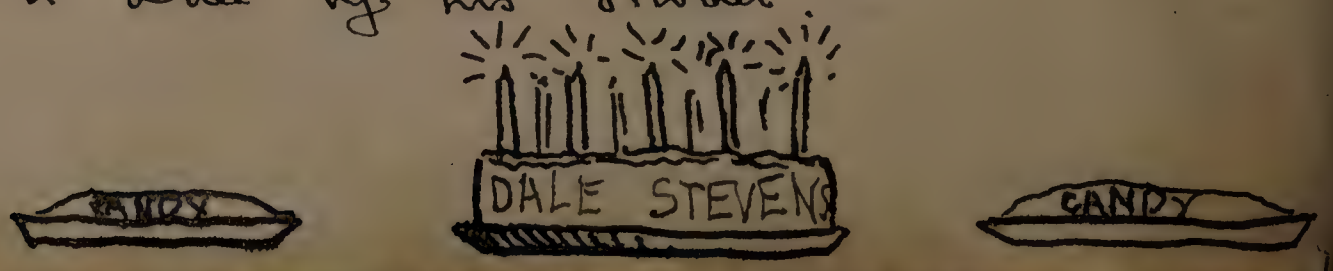
Given by G. H. P, the biggest one 25 pounds. Not again no guests. When they did not appear by the afternoon train and they were on the point of being given up for lost, a boat bearing the lost ones appeared round the point. Their adventures were too varied to be fitly chronicled; owing to a slight mistake, they changed cars at Leeds Junction by getting off one end of the train, and on again at the other. This change did not prove effectual, and they spent the rest of the day, all their money, and ten cents beside, in studying local colour in the remote parts of Maine. They came at last, though, and we hope to keep them for double the part of their visit that we have lost.

W. A. Neilson.
Lawrence J. Henderson.

- Baseball this afternoon, also fishing.

The fishers were: H. P and Y. G. Aspinwall: J. P. and H. H. Y. (1 Otter Island; 4 bass, 1 pickerel) S. S. Bowles, D. Stevens, A. Pendleton (nothing).

In the evening the three birthdays were kept with proper honours, oak wreaths, candy (the latter a bit peculiar), stacks of figs, dates of bananas, and a beautiful cake with 12 candles, sent by to Dale by his mother.



July 13 Sunday.
Barometer 29.785
Thermometer 80.
Wind S.W. light. Fair, hazzy -
Picnic at Hoyt's Island; The Sly Fox and
The Dynamacatic made a [redacted]
circumnavigation of the island first. The
rest of the boats putting across in time
to meet them for supper. The Tick Tock (J. Simons
P. Simons) arrived first on the scene of action.
After an Enjoyable Time, the fleet put back,
for singing and fed. The Tick Tock (J. Simons,
P. Simons) being last on the scene of action.

~~Mr. Neilson went at 8 o'clock.~~

This really happened on FRIDAY the 11th.

At ten P.M. We, Billy Ladd, Glen Richards
and Brewster Davenport, started from
the float, in the Willwaw, with cooking
utensils, blankets, mosquito nettings, penny-
royal, etc. We rowed across the lake,
under the shimmering light of the
starry firmament, the stillness of the
night being only broken by the
persistant hum of the hungry
mosquitos, or perhaps a slap as one
more of them went to the
"Happy Hunting Grounds".
At last the keel of the boat
grated on the sandy beach at the

Event	Winner	Second	Third	time	Former Record	Record	Juniors	Seniors
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		3' 6 3/4"	9' 1"			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3 1/2"	4' 10 5/8"			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	14	13 2/5			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 1/2"	10 9/10			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	15 2/5"				
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11' 7 3/4"	13' 8 1/2"			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16' 2"	17' 6"			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1. 6 4/5"	1. 6 2/5"			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1. 15 3/5"				
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 4. 3/5"	[illegible]			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 1/5"	[illegible]	[illegible]		
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5" 1/		5" 1/		

Juniors

1 Gammell
2 Perry
3 Howe
4 Hemenway
5 Windram
6 Comstock
7 Beebe
8 Simone
9 D. Stevens
10 Abbot
11 [illegible]
12 [illegible]

Seniors

1 March
2 A. Stevens
3 Sweeney
4 French
Doctor
J. R.
H. B. B.
Plummer

Non Combatants

Carey
Russell
C. Ladd
Burgess
J. Ladd

R.E. ANDREWS

Master James' feet before & after climbing Rocky Mt in slippers.

Numerous flying leaps were engaged in during the passage of the Brook

1 "MONTROSE-BUD"
2 C. HUBBARD. | 3. "DEAN" | 4. JIMMIE
5. MISS JULIA | 6. MR. DICK | 7. FRANCIS
8. "CHERUB" / ~~G.M., S.B., M.N.G., ABSENT~~ R.F.H. C.M.S. R.H. R.R. F.M.B

Enjoying The View !! ! ! ! !

Self- re

1901

134

south end of Hoyt's Island. We tumbled ashore, and soon had a merry camp fire blazing cheerily, in ~~one~~ a small stone fire place made for the occassion. We then rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon snoring peacefully.

At about five we woke up We then walked into the midd of the island, where we picked some raspberries. Then we came back, started our camp fire and then took a refreshing bath in the

EN ROUTE TO HOYT'S ISLAND.

B.D. '02

136.

Sept. 25th 1901

THE SAD DEPARTURE OF "MONROSE-BUG."

waters of the lake, which we found quite damp. Jhon Richards tho' accounted very cleverly for this peculiar phenomena, by saying it was caused by the heavy dew of the preceding night.

For breakfast we fried some pork, or that is we tried to, but most of it was burnt up. We made cocoa though, which was excellent, even if we did have no milk.

at a little after eight we extinguished our camp fire, washed the pots and pans, and then returned to camp.

We were pleasantly surprised to find not one single mosquito while we had been on the island. So ended a pleasant sojourn at "Camp Quintet" so called from the excessive use of that phrase by its occupants.

B.O.

July 14

Monday. July 14 — 1st.

T.T went to Gardiner; starting for Oakland at 6.55, returning to North Belgrade at 2.55, with a market basket of lettuce, a camera, a tripod, insect powder, a hand-bag, boots, shirt waists, a sponge, plums, shrimp flies, etc, etc.

No weather observations today, but Thermometer 80°, and scarcely any wind. Slight shower in p.m.

Base-ball, and some fishing.

At 5 p.m arrived.

Susan Welles Shaw

Great singing out on the pond, in all the boats.

July 15

Barometer 21.9 At Boston, 1 p.m., 87°
Thermometer 79° " " 8 " " , 64°
Wind S.W. Light.

It is really difficult to tell all the things that have happened today. At dinner a huge Williwaw was seen coming up from the South, and before we had finished there rain began, and there was a call of "all Hands in". After that there was a glorious pandemonium for the entire afternoon. The Williwaw was the best kind, made in Germany; a furious wind, had something sticky, and a fierce white line of rain and spray driving across the pond. It simply grew more and more and the waves got higher, and the heathen (an

(sisters) flew about from the Camps to the float, like a flock of stormy petrels. just before the squall was at its worst, J.T and H.H.F. got permission to go out in the Ebenezer, with Mr. Dick, Mr. Barton, and Davenport as a close escort in the Williwaw, and the crazy corks put out in a dashing sea in which it didn't seem as if the canoe could live two minutes. From this point I leave the account in their hands, except to say that Jack Simons and three other hopeful ones got permission to go in swimming in the surf (which it really was by now) fully equipped in rubber coats and sou'westers, to see how they could manage it; and that when the third squall came on (about when it began to hail) Mr. Chug said "I can't stand this any longer!" and drove off the wharf. He did it again, an hour later, to rescue a boat.

Although we are not "crazy corks" we will endeavor first before our readers an accurate account of what befell us in the Williwaw.

For the first five minutes we paddled out into the wind, until Odd Island was fair on our starboard bow, when the Second Williwaw struck us with terrific force. The old "Sneezer" rose gamely to the pounding billows, and for a moment it seemed as though we would hold our own against the blasts of Aeolus or Clamasha is called

among the Persians, but it was not his, and the Ebenezer swung round before the gale and left the panting rivals far astern. There the Ebe, amid the cheers of the crews, went before the hurricane, till its force was abated and we could once more look it in the face. Then it was that the ofray flew and the neckties ran and the "honest sweat" started from our brows and our little ship leaped under our Herculean efforts.

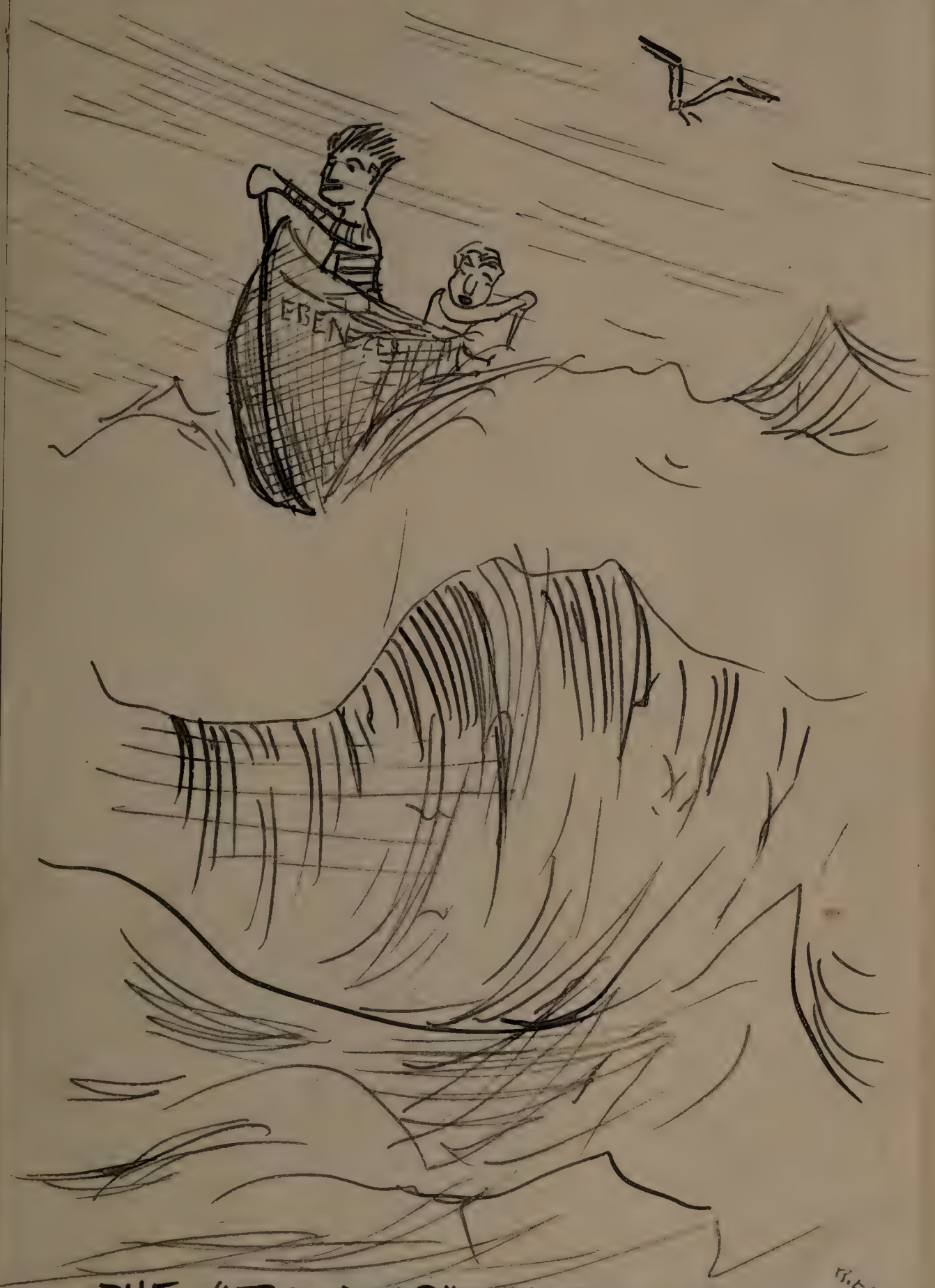
But now came the third villain, Old Auster, or as the ignorant term it him, the South Wind, was going to have another shot at us, but it was the same old story, the "Breeze" met it gallantly there turned to flee before it. Not a drop was shipped. Another at last Auster was to vanquished for good.

Zephyrus was now his turn. With a rush he was on us and now it was that Stanniff's forearm expanded till the paddle cracked and the Richards Beef Co made itself known. But even these proved bad blows. It was a close squeak, and the waters almost covered us. Nothing could phase the "Breeze" however, and, tearing across the mind, she took refuge behind its point, then fought her way with her mate into Harwich. Zephyrus could do no more, the Ebenezer was still Queen of the Lave in quite flatty. We had smashed him!!!

P.S. By the way, we forgot to say, that the "villainous" with its crew, was there two. N. H. F. Jr. G. R.

Today arrived J. P. Hall

THIS PICTURE THE REQUEST OF ONE OF THER CREW!



THE "EBENEZER" IN THE WILLIWAW.

T. E. H.

– With three good cheers, and singing of Our Director, Dr. Ching went away at 8 o'clock; he sails a week from Saturday, by his two years work at Shantung.

July 16 Barometer
Thermometer (Ah!! The Deputy Meteorologist forgot to register them!!)

Wind W.N.W. Strong, fierce white caps.
The Thermometer, 67° this A.M., shows the result of yesterdays tamasha. Last years' Williwaws, when the reserve party went to Hoghs' Island, was perhaps fiercer at one time, and the sea was higher in the Galveston gale, in 1900, but take it by and large, the three Williwaws one right on top of the other, we have had nothing like it. The canvas and row boat looked about as useful as toothpicks — when we could see them for the white drift, which wasn't often — being [illegible] and crowded about in tearing seas that seemed as if they would foam right over them. When they got back, John, Harry and Brewster jumped in in each others arms, in all their clothes - a lovely trio.

Today, a great expedition, to Mt Royal, and to Rocky Mountain. About twenty five of the campers started at 9.30, in the Sky Fox, the three Rangeleys, and H.H.P. and J.W.P. in the Ebenezer. There was a heavy sea, and a good stiff wind, but the fleet got across in very good time, and the Ebenezer took it as gallantly as she did yesterday. The boats were run across at the Mills in great shape, and we picnicked on a little bay on Long Pond. Then came the time for the two expeditions to

split. Mr. Nick made the announcements — Rocky Mountain three miles now. Then a short walk, and a short, steep, and delightful climb; Mount Royal for hours hard walking, with no actual rocky climbing." No one is come is Mr Royal who does not want solid hard work; the goats take Rocky Mountain with Mr. Barton, the sheep come is Mr Royal with me". Every one went is the great side but H. H. P. J. W. P., J. P., and Marcel Gorrid, but the right of these faithful ones standing alone amidst the heart of the goats, and one by one, is their great honour. Andrews, Hoggy, Spinwall and Nick Carter, and Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter, joined their side. Both expeditions were glorious. The goats had a delightful walk through the woods up the brook, jumping from rock to rock, then a steep, springy and quite perfect climb. The parties joined again in Long Pond, and came home in great time.

We were welcomed by the Stay-at-Homes, H.P. L.E.P., Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Kimball, L.E.P. jr., Nancy, Phillips Head, Wagenhals, Dr. Graves, and poor Stephen Borles, who did not like his duty on this day. The Concert followed:

Overture: Chopsticks, J. M. B. H. H. J, and J. P.
Song, General Grant, Dr. Graves.
A Beautiful Quartette, The Pope, H. H. P, J. P.
Piano Solo, A. M. P. J. M. B, J. W. S.
The Hottentot - The Richard Family.
Chorus.

and

The Log of the Stay-at-homes (told with the modesty we would have expected of them) which follo

LOG OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

After seeing our pleasure-loving and(it must be confessed,) somewhat frivolous companions off on their expedition to Mount Royal and other parts, we returned to our beloved books, and passed the morning in a peaceful atmosphere of studious research not always in our power to command. We do not wish to cast reflections; tastes must differ, and the noisy sports of--but I forbear. Suffice it to say, we labored,and we were happy. As our dear Student Hriff remarked, such opportunities come but seldom. "Let us," said the ardent youth,"Give every moment of the day to study; Wisdom is the mountain I would climb,the only peak that has any attraction for me!"

After dinner,we adjourned to the Pine Parlor,and after partaking of chocolate,(a well-known brain-food, specially recommended by our good physician,who was in attendance,) we read together some highly interesting passages from the Zendavesta, the Wisdom of Confucius, and the Book of Mormon.Dr Hollister Adelbert Hamilton was making a lucid exposition of the latter work, and we were all listening spellbound, when Andrew, the cook,appeared breathless,and white as his cap, to announce that "some kinds of beasts was comin' down de hill!"

We hastened to the spot, and at first glance thought that Mr Alexander's cattle had strayed from their pasture and were coming to make us a call. Next moment, however, we perceived to our horror that the animals in questions were three Man-eating Toads,(Bufo Hominivorus, Cornatus et Hideosus,) of huge size and ferocious appearance. At sight of us the terrible creatures uttered a simultaneous roar and rushed upon us,their cavernous jaws gaping wide, their hideous eyes goggling with savage fury. For an instant panic seized us, but soon the little band of Stay-at-Homes rallied, and showed the splendid courgge peculiar to those whom learning has made wise. The gallant Hamilton hastily snatched a work on Natural History, and climbing to the top of a convenient pine-tree, proceeded to read aloud in a clear and ringing voice (translating freely from the original Greek,) an accurate description of this rare and terrible monster,assuring us that we were having the
ance of a life-time in being able to inspect him at close range.

The heroic Graves, crying aloud "I will never desert my post!" shed into the infirmary, and fearlessly waving a bottle from the dow, ~~told~~ called to us that its contents were warranted to cure toad-bite excpet where the head was bitten off, and that his pro- ssional services should be ours to the last pill as soon as the sts had retired.

The intrepid Kimball, true to his artist nature, thdrew to the rooftree of his tent, and from that coign of vantage ceeded to sketch the enraged animals with a bold and daring touch t struck awe to the hearts of the beholders.

Meanwhile the rest of us barricaded the north dormitory, and with ting hearts awaited the attack of the man-devouring monsters.

On they came! We heard their fiendish roars, and the rattle of r iron teeth as they dashed at the shutters, trying to tear them l. Peeping through the chinks, we saw them, their green, yellow- ted hides, their frightful horns, the row of sword-like spines along r backs. These spines are supposed to be capable of projection, and contain a virulent poison.

In terror we looked and listened. Andrew murmured piteously he did not consider this a "yolly yob" at all, but the rest were nt; only the click of Hriff's camera told that the fiery youth was aring to defend his life and ours to the last gasp.

Suddenly, amid the Babel of roars and yells, a new sound was d; a sharp and slender sound, short but decided; the bark of a Almost at the same instant, silence fell, a silence broken next ant by the voice of Dr Hamilton, ringing over the tree-tops, and tell- us that Bufo Hominivorus was "the enemy of man alone," and that e of his huge size he was mortally afraid of dogs!

We held our breath. The monsters had stopped roaring, only uttered a curious whimpering sound, indicative of uneasiness, ot terror. The barking ~~dr~~ came nearer--louder--and the next instant dashed upon the scene, tail up and eyes gleaming.

e mammoth Batrachians hesitated; cowered for an instant, whimpering crowding against each other---then turned and fled howling up the , closely pursued by the ~~gre~~ gallant little hound.

We were saved!

"And now," said Hriff, calmly buttoning up his camera, "Let us re- to our studies!"

July 16th.

SONG OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES.
(Air; "Malbrouck!")

We think it exceedingly horrid
On expeditions to go,
And it brings a blush to our forehead
That others should do so.

We weep for the spirits inferior
Who hither and yon must roam,
And we feel ourselves vastly superior
Because we stay at home!

L&K

June 16th 1902.

Rescue!

— Rescue! just at the end of our Little Entertainment, calls were heard from the float, and the Jolly Roger, carrying signals of distress, landed with a sail-boat, which she had found unable to beat home up the pond, having been out in this roaring wind all day. A poor lady, in a violent hysterical chill from cold and seasickness, was carried up to the camp and into the infirmary, where Dr. Graves soon brought her round with hot ginger tea, hot blankets, and hot water bottles, and after

about half an hour. They went on to Stony Point, wrapped up in shawls and Blankets, and a good deal of the Ladies wardrobe.

July 17

The Skippers birth day.
Barometer 29.39
Thermometer 67°
Wind S.W, light. Sky a good deal clouded most of the day.
Base ball, and one fishing party.
The Skippers health drunk with all the honours.
H.H.P. left at 8 p.m to visit friends, we are 'told, in Boston and Vermont.
Charades in the evening:

Cow-and.

Mosquito (Musket-toe).

and perhaps the best we have ever had.

Hamilton.

Oh yes, and this afternoon came some very interesting visitors.

Mr. & Mrs. Harry Bates Watson
East Fairfield,
Vt.,
— " —

(also several other Watsons) from Greenhill Farm.

July 18 Barometer 29.41
Thermometer 74°

Misty clear; south Wind north west, one strong flaw in each p.m.

Rescue again!! Just after swimming we heard calls from the pond, and saw that a little sail-boat, which had been coming down before the wind, had upset. The boats were got out in good time, and the two occupants of the sail boat, who had been sitting on her bottom, and behaved perfectly well and quietly, were brought in & the float. Hot blankets, etc, were ready, but they seemed in perfect spirits and health, and very soon rowed off to Gleason's shore. The younger man was a cripple, and unable to swim, paralyzed from the waist down, and though it was not rough, there were white caps, and a good wind, and they might have had a nasty time. The rescue of the sail-boat, which could not be accomplished without a swim for all the rescuers at the point, revealed the sad fact that her sheet was tied hard and fast!

Life-savers again!

Base ball, and a most successful fishing party: 20 bass in all, so Andrew is laying for chowder tomorrow.

Y.G. Spinwall had some visitors from Rum Island.

At about half past five there was a splendid surprise for two of the heathen, when there arrived

Lucy A. Stevens
Sandalettevent.
Caroline Stevens
Boston in the evening.

---

ay 19 - Barometer 29.605
Thermometer 71°
Wind S.W. Light. Almost wholly overcast.
Light clouds.

No excitements today, save no, beyond the fact of a fire at the mills just after breakfast. (and Miff
d This
rom. we do not yet know what building it was), but at least we have kept the Doctor busy. First Miss Shaw's knee, which has been troubling her since the Rocky Mountain climb, was bandaged in a huge and imposing splint, made of the broken paddle of the Pet Boy! - Andrew has an abscess threatening on his finger, from a thorn-point spine, and last and saddest, Mr. Barton fell on his shoulder, in running to first base this afternoon, and broke the end of his collar bone.

Mr. Barton
hunt. Mr.
s broke
lace, and
ed a
did game.

The two baseball clubs, the Stewed Prunes and the Rhubarbs, played a splendidly close game this afternoon, 2 all in the sixth inning, the Rhubarbs finally winning 6 - 2.

Not'a snort was heard, not a squeal or grunt,
  In the passage once pork-encumbered;
Not a pig rewarded our morning hunt
  In the place where our brothers had slumbered.

We hunted them fiercely at early morn,
  Our search-lights upon them flashing,
But the floors were clean, and the nets untorn,
  And the bags contained their washing.

No books or sweaters disturbed the beds,
  Nor wrinkled nor "slumped" we found them;
But they lay with their pillows straight at their heads,
  And their blankets smooth around them.

And we did not shriek, and we did not shout,
  As we laid our heads together;
We simply remarked, "The pork is out
  In the Camp of Merryweather!"

L&K

July 17th 1902.

July 20 Sunday.
Light rain most of the day. clearing in p.m.
Mr. Stevens very kindly took the whole
Camps round the pond in the Jolly Roger.
racing two trips.
Hymns, and a William Long story
in p.m.

Top Pig Henry Richards
+
Poem
+
Signature

LINE

1900-1904
July 17 1902
Pig + Poem
delete small
Pocket

Henry Richards
Pig

July 21 Barometer 29.3/8
Thermometer 64°
Light rain; calm.

Kenneth Bush in the infirmary with sore throat
Mrs Mrs Stevens. we are sorry to say. went
away this morning.
At 10.a.m we heard shouts of joy. and there
arrived Robert Armory Jr

just as natural as life, and twice as large.
in the same tattered coat!

The chronicler got a little mixed. and forgot
to announce the glorious Distribution of Prizes
on Sunday night. It was a memorable occasion!
Mrs Richards made a little speech. Explaining the
full splendors of the occasion, no prizes, and
steady improvement over last year all through
the dormitories. Then the prizes were distributed:

1st Prize. Brewster Davenport (Tremendous applause.
2nd Prize, Kenneth Bush (No one else counted his Handclaps)
3rd Prize. (to the great surprise of himself,
but of no one else, John Wagstaff Simons.

Both Prize. Arvid Pendleton. (but he has improved greatly.

Next followed a long list of Honorable
Mentions, and we are happy to say, no
dishonorables. though P. Andrews was in some danger.

R.W. Rand Gardiner, Me. } Arrived h
Lyman S. Rand } short ca
having
driven
Gardin

Honorable Mentions

Carter	Gay	Wagenhals
Gould	Bowles	Hoguet.
A. Stevens	Aspinwall	
D. Stevens	P. Simons	

Class B, Faculty.

1st Mention, { H. H. Richards / J. M. Barton } " And side by sid
Three chiefs of pric

2nd, the Medical Gent, R.J. Graves; H.A. Harriet
also

Splendid catch of 21 bass today.

W. Y. Ladd.
H. Y. Kinsall.

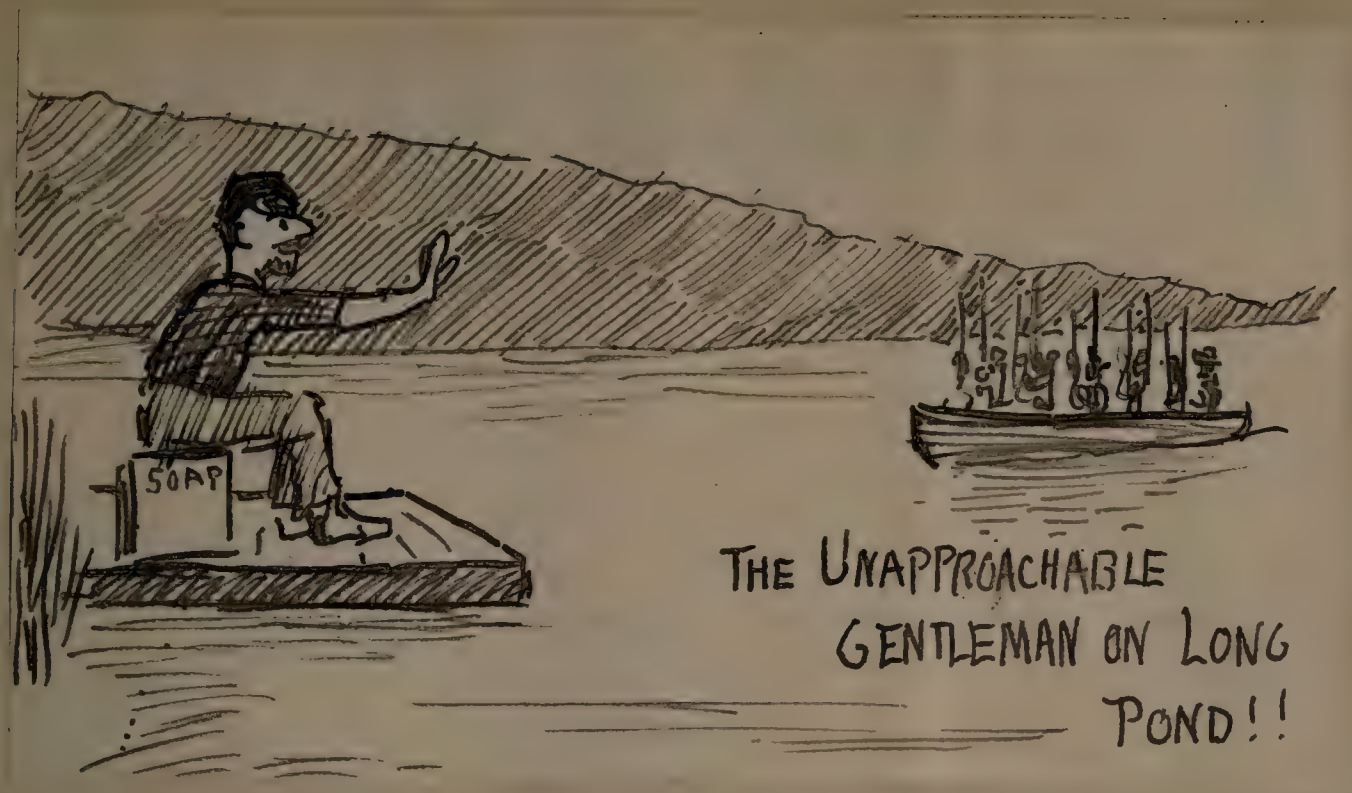
Here are the two ball teams:

Prunes

J. Richards
M. Barton
Gay
Simons
Wagenhals
Hoguet
Anders
Aspinwall
Putnam
D. Stevens
Bowles
Gardiner

Tomatoes

H. H. Richards
Dr. Graves
Ladd.
Davenport
Hart.
Carter
Gould
A. Stevens
Bush
Wheelwright
P. Simons
Pendleton.

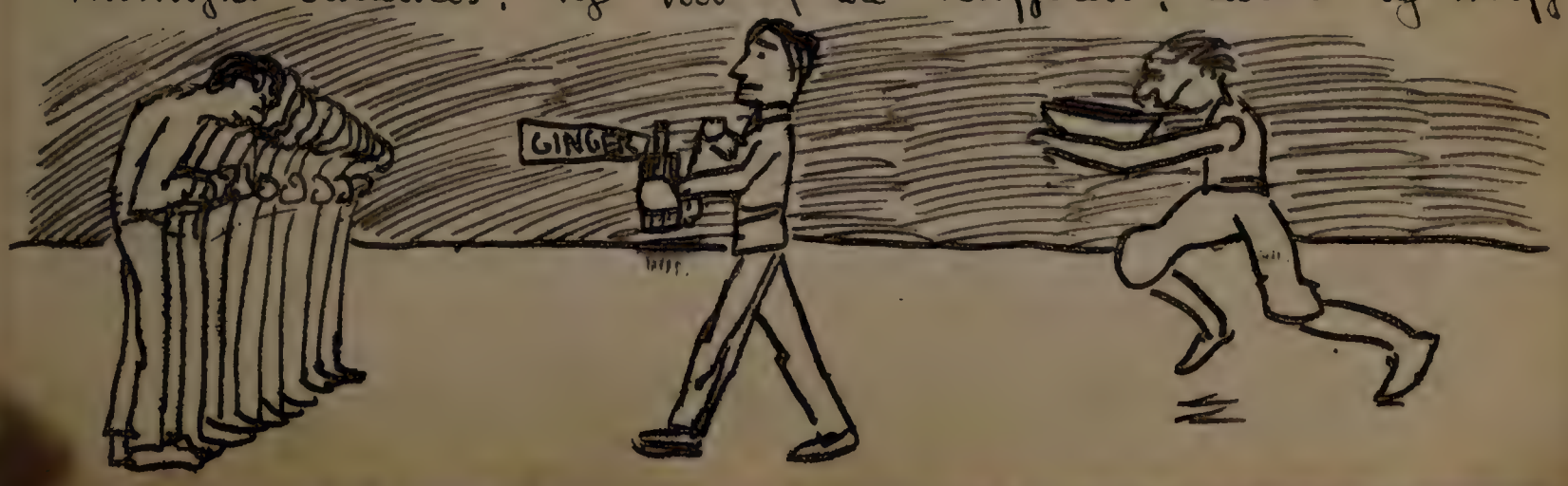


THE UNAPPROACHABLE GENTLEMAN ON LONG POND!!

ly 22 Barometer 29.76 . Thermometer 68° { Calm, another grey day, but no rain.

Miss Shaw went away at 12.30.

Day of Mourning! Uncle of the Heathen (counting Kenneth, who is really most well) felt Worry Odd, either in the night, or the early morning; indeed candour compels me to add that many of them lost their little breakfasts! This very painful condition of things seems traceable to the two expeditions, to the Mills, and to Wedges, yesterday. On this melancholy occasion the chopsticks Dirge was played after breakfast, with mournful cadences, by two of the sufferers, aided by Whiff.



July 23 Barometer 29.6 Wind N. ~~E~~, clearing!
Thermometer 71°

- Billy and J. Simons were "stroc", one late yesterday afternoon, the other in the evening. Betty also suddenly joined the list of the unfortunates, but beyond these there was no further spread of the dread malady.

This morning the air felt dryer; the clouds looked lighter, and more broken-up; the unhappy ones all looked in better trim — though Betty, Billy, and John Wagstaff are still confined to the mild Education for diet —; and when, at noon, the clouds broke away, showing the blue sky, and the sun actually shone, the Chop-stick Chorus burst forth in full glory, in a joyful paean.

We had Colonel Rose's escape from Libby Prison, in morning reading.

Camp Serenity. 1st Camping Expedition started right after afternoon reading: John captain, with Judge Gardiner, Honest Abe, and Persimmons; Betty Amory lieutenant, with Stupid, and Wade Stevens.

Base ball, a noble game, was played by the faithful few. J. Simons, with a blue austrian, distinguished himself at first base.

After supper came the great Toad Exhibition, the many drawings submitted being powerful, spirited, and life-like to a terrifying degree; many of these studies of the fierce and rare Man-Eating Toad, here, we understand, been secured already

1st prize J. W. R.
2nd .. Brenda Davenport
3rd .. Betty Andrews

by distinguished connoisseurs.

Our Concert, if small, was good:

Duet. Schneider's Band. M. Hamilton and M Kimball.

Song. A. M. R.

Song and Dance, about a Doghunt. B. Davenport & R. R.

Song. Van Amburgh Is the Man. M. Barton (sung with marvellous fluency!!)

Harmonica Solo. Nick Carter.

Choruses.

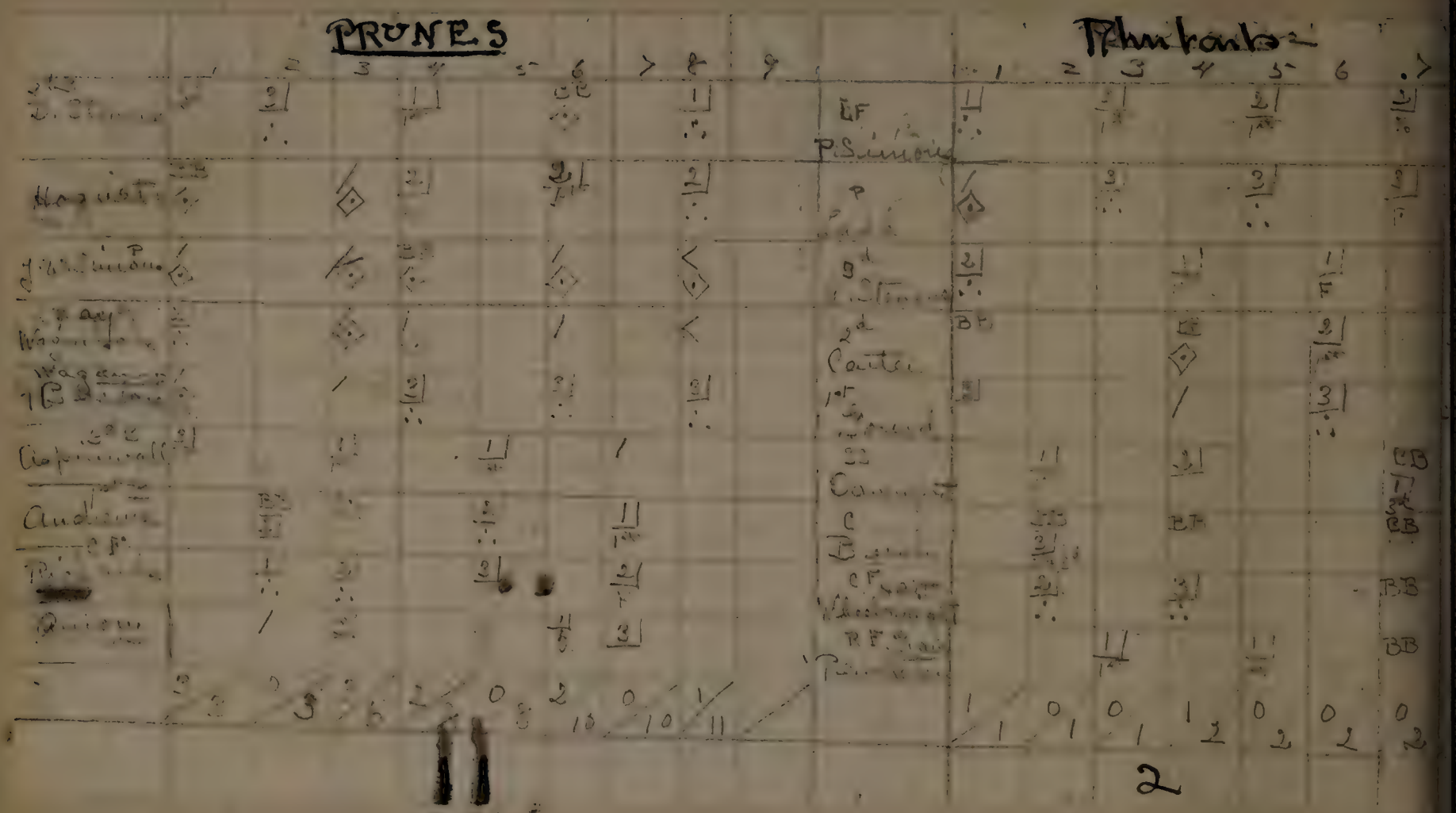
g 24. A. M. R's birthday.

Barometer 29,725 Calm. Still cloudy! Yesterday's
Thermometer 67° attempt at clearing not wholly
successful. but we have hopes.

First peas shelled today, also first new potatoes
shelled & peeled & whatever.

L. E. R. went in town for the night, taking with her,
to our regret, Anna and Judy Gardiner. The latter
had to be reluctantly hauled back from the camping
party, early this morning, by a rescue crew
in the williwaw -

In the afternoon the second Preserves Game was
played, with great enthusiasm: Princes 11, Pluto's
2, so last weeks fortunes were reversed. The
score follows on the next page. Boston in the
evening.



July 25

Barometer 29.725 Wind S. Light

Thermometer 69°. Almost wholly overcast.

Start of 2nd Camping Trip

2nd Camping Trip: H.S.S. Ebenezer, B. Darempo R.E. Andrews, H.S.S. Pine, H.N. Wagenhals, T. Hoguet J.M. Barton, captain, cleared at 9.45 a.m. for Elise McGraw ponds, East Pond, & return by Meadow Brook.

Alas and alas, at 10.30 Bothy departed, coat and all, & catch the Bar Harbor train.

Shy 2nd trip, and some fishing.

L.E.P. returned, bringing dozens of lovely flies, which we had for supper. Pine Island came & call

In the evening very fine dessert crumbs, including a dog-fight between The Doctor and Mr. Reynolds.

ly 26 Barometer 29.71 Wind S. Light
Thermometer 66° Lightly overcast.

At 9.40 the Reverse camping party, J.R., H.H.Y., 7 3rd [redacted], W.Y.L., and J.W.S., started in the Squanmacook ing Trip. and The Shagpat (with orders to shift the latter to the Pine when they met yesterday's party), for Meadow Brook, East and North Ponds. Ellis & McGraw.

At 10.30 a.m. we were startled from our tranons quilizing by hallos, and saw, to our amazement and n of delight, yesterday's campers returning. They had made the ustlers" trip in quite unprecedented time and snap, and were actually at Stony Point before they met the Shagpat and Squanmacook. I leave to their more graphic pens the chronicle of the trip. This affidavit signed:

Mary L. Davidson
Ansley W. Sawyer H.H. Richards

Report of "The Hustlers." (Three stowaways)

We started forth in the teeth of a flat calm. The trip to Gleason's is not worthy of note, except for our songs as we hummed over the water. The carry was a very elevating performance: we were watched by all who saw us and admired by the rest (especially the Rest). Hoquet, alias "The Bow-wow", left a good impression on the mind. We then adjourned to Wedge's for necessary precautions. It is hinted that several of the weaker brethren lost their hearts etc to the sylph-like Miss

"DOWN THE ROAD FROM WEDGE'S!"

Wedge: it was agreed that she is simply great.

The ~~stop at~~ the Salmon Lake House was marred by an unfortunate accident to the Ebenezer; the gentleman with more muscle than sense threw her (or him) up on a ten penny nail with disastrous results. We paddled leisurely up through Ellis and McGraw, and took lunch under a beautiful oak which spread its branches while we spread our lunch. We did not take much to the branches - but that lunch! it was merely a series of disappearing acts worthy of the most refined vaudeville.

The carry was uneventful, except when Wagen, in negligé attire, lagged behind and had to encounter alone the glances of a fair maid of sweet sixty-seven. He never recovered from the shock, and has ever since retained a portion of that blush on the tip of his nose.

On reaching Camp Sloppyweather, we found the same weather only less of it, but before night we were amazed to see the stars come out; doubtless a mistake on the part of the weather bureau.

The fish did not bite enough to en-

about so as not warm them for breakfast. We caught one five-pounder, or thereabouts, and one other which the cruel laws of the land forced us to return his element.

The camp was not disturbed by any internal disturbances, except for a slight pain in Buster's sash. From eight o'clock to half past nine, we told stories and filled the tent so full of fumes that we had to shovel them out and use them for fire wood. Pun knot burnt very well: the choicer ones we placed in a special pun-cushion, never to be removed.

Before dawn, who was rather slow, Buster arose and built the fire. After a hasty breakfast, we broke camp and started for home. The journey was full of hair breadth escapes, rapid-shooting and shooting rapid. The store at Smithfield was almost entirely deserted (when we left).

– The chronicler must finish their report, which causes the Recording Angel (!!) much woe. From outside reports, though, I have been able to gather a few more of their adventures. They not only started at 3. a.m. but must

have made phenomenal time the whole way. They flew, they ~~skipped~~, they ~~left~~ the waters with swift ~~strokes~~, and came racing down the pond. ~~Passing~~ the up trip. The Sopranaconk and Shawpat, who had not expected to come up with them till noon, at Stony Point.

— Tonight Phil Hartt, Nick Carter, and the gallant Ikey Joy, in spite of the fatigues of the past day and night, spent the night ~~sleeping~~ on the west shore, and almost caught a bass of fabulous size.

July 26th ~~Wash~~ Wash. Quarters

Sunday.

July 27. Smoky Sou'wester.

In the afternoon the Birch, N.R., Woggy; R.R. passenger, the Shappat. Brewster and Wagen, followed by the Shy Fox, paddled down the pond against a fresh head wind, and had a delightful expedition up. Billing Brook, getting very near the herony, and seeing three or four blue herons. We went up Picnic at Hemlock Point. quite far into the swamp, pulled over a good many sunken logs, and last were stopped by some big ones, and paddled back and across the pond in time to meet the whole fleet at Hemlock Point, where we had a great picnic, and Stupid fell in.

Returning, we found the glorious Tom returned from their trip, and at their supper, all in their rowing shirts, and burnt a fine rich saddle-olon. Bill Sawyer was greeted with roars of joy, and we had great singing in the evening. Their record follows.

Report of trip to Camps Cousider.

"How well I remember the day on Johnny's lake
When we hunted for the old white birch
And we looked all day but we only found the tree
And it left us all in the lurch
And it left us all in the lurch
By ——— ! !

When we hunted for the darned old brook
In the good old days when we camped on Johnny's Isle
And we couldn't find the d——d old brook."

So sang the jovial Considerists as they lay under the tent at midnight and the wood-thrush and the nightingale listened in silent admiration to the harmonies of the "G. C. D."

But stop! we have not run ourselves. Who are the "C. C. D.?" Let the reader learn from the following.

After a highly successful voyage, having dipt our way through giants of the forest and run the gauntlet of suspicious Smithfield, we at last arrived at the ancient and honorable camping-ground on what a rustic informed us was Johnny's Isle. N. N. F. & F. R. by a stroke of diplomacy, went in piscatorial pursuits, while W. F. C. and J. W. S. cursed coyly and perspired loudly amid the mosquitoes, marches of the inn. Naught but a pickerel and a bass rewarded the herculean efforts and Fabian patience of the two anglers. The fishes while angling were much edified by the singular contortions of an elderly Yankee in a ten foot Carolina launch. For a full hour he endeavored to start his engine, which refused to explode continuously, he however, nobly made up for the deficiency. He disappeared finally around a point exploding steadily, the sound borne on his wake marked by puffs of blue smoke and exclamation marks. Then after meandering an admiring cat-boat, we went ashore fried our forks etc. and trunk, cocoa mats for into the inn.

at this point came the harmonies aforementioned, so that the moon danced and every star nodded "well done". The C. C. R. did itself proud. There were heard the lofty strains of "Nelly", who was a lady (and died); of "General Grant", set to appropriate words; of the "Bull frog", with variations; of "Eyes of Blue" etc.

When the vocal chords could stand no more, we slept until Phoebus was high in the heavens. Breakfast, consisting of fish etc, over with, we dispersed the rest of the morning between fishing, swimming and loafing (how true are the words of the poet who sang, "Give me loafer or give me death!"). Dinner being over after an unexpected delay on the part of Bill Todd, we wended our merry way down Great Brook, past Smithfield, and after a hard tussle across North Bend to the Major's Brook; down that stream across Hudson Brook we flew in one hour and sixteen minutes; across Great Pond, arriving at 6.15 P.M. with the Squaw-macook half full of water running time . Thus ended the most successful trip ever undertaken by the Four Merry Weathers. (Is it even

Monday 28 Barometer 29.42 , Thermometer 80° , Wind S.W. Light

P. P. and Miss Barstow took the 8.25 train for Oakland, for Gardiner and other parts. In the afternoon and Miss Pendleton

to spend the night.

Baseball practice.

Boats in the evening.

Tuesday, 29 — Barometer 29.5 clear, calm.
Thermometer 80°

Miss Pendleton went away.

At 10.30 arrived

R. Bayard Cutting

Base ball practice

Singing on the water in the evening.

Wednesday, 30. Barometer 29.6 ✗ Wind S.W. Light.
Thermometer 8✗° Clear.

T. R came back at 2.5 ✗ This afternoon was to have been the Belgrade game, but as it was a perfect haying day, the other team could not play, so a Tennant & Prime game was substituted. It was

Tennants 13. glorious. Hoff got to first by going with
Primes 7. a flying leap. and such an Indian yell that the affrighted first base man dropped the ball; and Brewster made a run that was a combination of somersaults, shrieks & laughter. and nearly every thing else not usually associated with the game. The score is on the next page.

Tonight were the best charades, so far, of this year; really splendid:

Fatima (blood-curdling Blue-beard scene)
Jolly-cum-pop.
March Wheelwright
Bedlam.

	RUNS										RHUBARBS							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
D. [illegible] 1B	1		1		3		3			[illegible] 1B	1		1		1			
[illegible] 3B	1		2			1	1			[illegible] CF	1		1		1			
[illegible] 1	1			1		1	1			[illegible] P	1		1		1	1		
[illegible] C	2			1		BB	1			[illegible] 2B	2		2		1	1		
[illegible] CF		1		1		1	3			[illegible] CF	3		1		1	1		
[illegible] RF		2		2		BB 3				[illegible] LF		1*		1	1	2		
[illegible] CF		3		3		2				[illegible] 3B		3		1	1	BB 1		
[illegible] 3B			1		1		1			[illegible] C		3		2	BB	BB 1		
[illegible] 2B			1		2		1			Q. Stevens 1B			1	3	Hit	3		
	0 / 0	0 / 0	0 / 0	1 / 1	0 / 1	3 / 4	3 / 7	/	/		2 / 2	0 / 2	2 / 4	0 / 4	5 / 9	4 / 13	/	/

* 1 Run on [illegible] from 2d B

Thursday. 31 - Barometer 29.49 Partly cloudy, wind S. fresh.
Thermometer 88°

This morning, sorrow and grief. Dale and Wagen left us, the first heat in an awful circle.

This afternoon was the canoe races: course around Pickerel Rock & windward, and back. Wind very fresh.

1st Event. Junior Doubles, in one heat. Pirate, Spinwall and Bowles, Squanmacook, Bush and A. Stevens, Shaggpat, Gould and Wheelwright. Won by the Shaggpat, 4.33, Pirate second, 5.46.

Canoe Races. 2nd Event. 1st Heat, senior singles; won by the Squanmacook, Idoguet, 4.35 1/5, Shaggpat second, Hartt, 4.38 1/5, Pirate last, Davenport. (the Pirate upset.)

{ Second Heat, won by the Pirate, Simons, 5, Squanmacook, Andrews, [redacted].

3rd Event, Junior Singles, won by Bush (Shaggpat), 4.35 1/5, Aspinwall (Pirate) 5.16, Gould last (Squanmacook).

4th Event. Senior doubles, won by Hartt and Davenport (Pirate) 3.52 1/2: Simons and Idoguet (Squanmacook upset upset.

5th Event, Finals. senior singles, won by Idoguet, Squanmacook, 7.3, under protest. This race was a Bit Peculiar, as Simons. (Pirate) upset just to leeward of the rock, and Idoguet only decided to finish when waved at through the megaphone. John, in The Identical, did not wait for Simons to upset, but started for his rescue as soon as he saw him shift to the stern of the Pirate. His canoe shifted very rapidly, and had gone a long way

before she was caught, a good object lesson in the ways many canoe accidents happen. Three upsets in one afternoon not bad.

Tonight was the last July Concert, the best we have ha

Overture, Chopsticks. Y.M.B., J.P., H.H.Y.

Jewsharp solo. Bush-face.

Canoeing Song (dedicated to messrs Hoguet & Simons) A.M.P.

Last July Sing-Song

Duet, Messrs Kimball and Barton (rousing applause)

Choruses.

Stunt, by The C.C.Q., J.P., H.H.Y, W.Y.L, and J.W.S. A grand success, really almost the funniest thing we ever had. Accompaniment by Yano Stumps.

Tin Whistle Solo. . . Mr. Kimball.

Kentucky Bate. R.S.V.P. Quadrille. H.H.P, Y.M.B. J.P and J.W.S.

Stunt Mr. Barton and Brewster.

Choruses.

We meet where The waves are dashing
And pulling across the float;
Our paddles aloft are flashing
As we man each measly boat.

day Augt. Barometer 29.53 Wind S., Cloudy.
Thermometer 79°

A thrifty sad day. At 8.30 the dear July heathen went away, John and Philip Simons, Brewster and the Statesman, and with them Mr. Cutting. If the heathen continue to grow nicer every year, and the parting with them sadder, wherever will the Camps fetch up?

A shy for expedition to Hoyt's Island, for wild raspberries.

Joy arrived in the afternoon, in the presence of the August heathen, the advance guard coming whooping down the hill.

James H. Morse, Jr.
Thos. P. Beal
John Lowell Jr.
Arthur H. Shaw
Wm. Bedford Beal.
S. C. Bennett Jr
Charles W. Hubbard Jr.
E. Neville Bennett.

(Extract from Persimmon's washing list: "1 pair dudes pance"; with this match Madi's ceizors (scissors)

The Statesman's Farewell -

Saturday, Aug 2 Barometer 29.52. Fog in morning
Thermometer 74° Wind S.W. cloudy. Rain in
the afternoon.

A merry morning, with the August boys back.
but the whole Camp misses the Ruby ones.

Fishing in the afternoon. a select few staying
21 bass. for bass ball.

W. H. R and Ansley Bibsby Sawyer started on their
Camping trip about 10.30 A.M.

Mr. Bell left us at 12. o'clock.

At five p.m. arrived:
Francis Burritt Shepard.

August 3 Barometer 29.425 wind S.W., Light.
Sunday Thermometer 78° Clear, Smoky Sou'wester.

About half past ten we heard the joyful sound
of wheels, and
Eliot Farley
arrived. (He was afraid it came on his birthday!)

A very good Picnic, at what might be called
the Bass Point, just to the left of Austin's Bog. The
wind had stiffened to a good head breeze. so several of
the picnickers were thirst when we reached the point,
which is a very beautiful place; notably the Yamma
schooner (Mr. Graves. Mr. Kimball, R.R., and S.E.R) got a
bass ful. and the Squamacook, W.W.F. and Wagner
had to land to get emptied. The picnic was
enlivened by the appearance, besides the chocolate,
of some fresh cheese. When we got home we
found the Campers, W.W.R, and Bill Sawyer, returned -

We did, but before returning we did various things, a brief account of which follows. The good ship Ebenezer took us to the head of the pond in about 50 minutes and after squirming up Meadow Brook for a few miles we lunched under a great maple tree and enjoyed the beautiful prospect. Then on through the woods, among many rocks, where we found traces of paint, mostly Pink (who was the guilty one?) and so to North Pond and Smithfield, where we made a few purchases and were saluted by a shower, a short one, fortunately. On the way to East Pond we saw three enormous herons. Arrived about 4.30 at Camp Hawley or Sawyards Howcox on Johnny's Island. After pitching the tent we picked many raspberries in the rain, which now was falling steadily, and had a great supper and a good night's rest. Next morning we fished, without success, left camp about 11. a.m. and returned by the same road. Had a great swim in a pool in Meadow Brook and dinner (not lunch) under the pines on the bank. A glorious day, and everything just fine. We drifted easily down the brook, struck a strong head wind on the pond and came to camp in 53 minutes from the mouth of the brook. The trip could not have been more successful or pleasanter in any way. We enjoyed every minute of it.

Camping
Camp
Howcox
Sawyards

August 4. Barometer 29.345 Wind S., almost calm.
Thermometer 79° Clear. Thunder storms threatening.
Base ball practice, and a good game. 12 to 12.
Bill Sawyer, to our sorrow, went away after
dinner. A shopping trip to the Mills

August 5

Barometer 29.5 Wind N.W.,
Thermometer 72° Bright and clear.
- Picking up the little clothes of the dear
July brethren. "
"You may beat, you may scatter the Camps as you will,
But the clothes of J. Wagstaff they cling round it still"
A.M.R
Base ball practice, for the Belgrade game
tomorrow. Games on the hill in the evening:
J.R. and H.H.J. fished, two bass, two hornpout

August 6 Barometer 29.302, Wind S.E. Rain.
Thermometer 69°

No game today; the rain began at 10.45,
and has kept on steadily. In the afternoon we
played ourselves with a ping-pong tournament,
Ping-Pong Tournament. won by Mr. Morse and J.R. There were four
preliminary rounds of doubles; semi-finals, and
finals. Charlie Hubbard and Honest Abe were
against Mr. Morse and J.R. in the finals.
Afterwards we had a great game of hyp-Jenkins
and magnificent Boston in the evening.

ggest) Barometer 29.08 Wind every which way; but
Thermometer >3° steady north-west after the storm.

Right after breakfast a Williwaw began to show behind Philip Mountain, big and black, and about ten two boats [redacted], flying before the storm, put in for shelter. They had on board two Mrs. and Mrs Remingtons, with a little girl. The Williwaw struck us at 10.30; it was not a very fierce one, so we had a glorious swim in the waves at 11. Our guests were most pleasant people, and we gave them tea, and took one of them in swimming with us, and sent them off about noon, when all had blown away clear.

lgrade
me.
5

It came off in perfect weather, clear and cool enough. Everything was just right, and our team looked very grand, appearing for the first time in their uniforms of blue flannel shirts and white duckes. We had the best of fun, driving over in the hay-rigging, and the walkers started out gallantly. And They beat us, 5 - 3. The umpire, a jolly jack tar, made some very wild shots, though he was very good at balls and strikes, and meant to be perfectly fair. Without one of these wrong decisions we should have tied the score, but no more. Ibrill, waving a ginger beer bottle, kept up a running fire of chaff, and the scarlet knickerbockers, and shirt, of two of the Belgraders, added to the liveliness; but They beat us.

At 3.35 Arrived E Bruno M Wheelwright.

MERRYWEATHER BELGRADE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Carter 2B	EB ◇		1		1		1	3		1.b Pinson	1		BE		BE ◇		1	
Richards 1B	/		/		/		4 ◇		/ 3	Ø 1.b W. Stapleton	3 F		3 F		2 1st			
Hay C.	1 F		BE		/		◇		1	SS Woodward	/			1 F	◇		3 F	
Morse C.F.	/		2		/		3		2	P. Williams	2 F			/ 2	3 F			1 2
Shepard LF	2		2		2		2			C G Stapleton		1		< ◇		BB		/
Shaw 3B	3 F			/		1 1st		/ 2		Clark 2b.		2		3		1 F		2
Ladd P		1		1		2 F		/ 4		Carter RF		3			1 FF	2 1st		3
Lowell SS		2		2		/		/		LF Warren			1 1st		/ ◇	3		
Farley RF		3			1	3		BB		CF Bickford			2 F		hit		BB ◇	
	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	2/3	0/3			0/0	0/0	0/0	1/1	3/4	0/4	1/5	0/5

The umpires error when They made two runs was very funny. The bases were full (Belgraves), with 2 men out; the man at 1st shouted a fly, man at 3rd held his base, man at 2nd ran to 3rd, so that when the fly was muffed they both came home together. Harry, catcher, touched the second, which should have put him and the side out, but the umpire, who was muddled, thought the second man was only the coach running in, and held to his decision.

— H.H.R ran all the way home, beating the team. Then he, A.M.R, and R.R, went up to the Post Office for music in the evening.

Wednesday Night's Programme (omitted in its right place)

Overture, Chopsticks, J.M.B, J.R, H.H.J.
Ninth Symphony chorus, A.M.R.
Sch on Tin Whistle ; H.H.R.
Song. [redacted]. , M. Hamilton.
Sch and chorus, Fairy-Ray, Tony-No, H.H.R.
Duet, Marching Through Georgia, J.M.B M. Kintall
Stunt, "Turn Over". M. Morse.
Choruses.
Etc, Etc.
Odd Fellow's Hall J.M.B.
Song of The Fox Chorus.

August 8 Barometer 29.25 A cold rain, not holding up
Thermometer 62°. till late in the afternoon, and
not clearing till evening.

A rainy day somewhat dashed our spirits, especially as several of our heathen were feeling the effects of Mr. Wedge's good cheer at the field yesterday. (notably Stopford) and the team, a part of them, felt a little ill. Stephen Bowles drank four bottles of a very varied character, ate two bags of salted peanuts, and one of lozenges, and came home unharmed; March had six bottles, though.

Start of 5th Camping Trip. A Camping trip. Pen, Put, S. Bennet, Marcel and Spinwall, W. H. Ladd, Commodore (the two latter in the Print), started about 10 A.M.

In the afternoon we made merry, the Ping-Pong champions, Mr. Moss and J. R. challenging (and beating) all comers, though J. W. R. and Arthur Shaw pressed them hard. Chess, parcheesi; and suchlike were also going.

F. M. B., J. Lovell, N. Bennett, Harry, all by his love in the anklet, and Elliot, ~~———~~ in bare feet, the villain, on this wet chilly day, and he with a "sash" This morning, went fishing, but caught little, N. N. Y

Mr. Wheelwright very kindly brought us a good string of bass.

"Spin-the-Platter" in the evening.

The "Faculty Four" made a glorious trip to Pine Island in the "Pierce

gust 9 – Barometer 29.48 Clear and light. wind N.W. fresh.
– Thermometer 72°

– Mrs Mrs Remington, who came in on the 7th, because of the storm, very kindly sent us a quantity of magazines by the Jolly Roger.

Most of the half-past risers went fishing, but had poor luck: four hour-post, one three foot eel (E. Farley); They stayed out in the moonlight till 9.30.

Just in time for dinner, Billy and his campers came in in splendid form, with a 3½ pound bass, and several smaller ones!! Much the biggest fish caught in the camps – Three cheers for Spinwall! They camped at the Dark Point, and fished till eleven at night near the mouth of Brilliy Brook; in spite of the steady rain yesterday. They kept perfectly warm and dry.

llt bass!
un of
p Monger
ty.

In the afternoon the sixth camping trip, Mr. Barton, Nick Carter, Bushy, S.S. Barker, Neville Bennett, and the Mud-Hen, started for parts unknown.

t of 6th
ping trip

The Sly Fox, W.P., master, made a beautiful trip up Meadow Brook, to just beyond the first bridge; we saw three ducks, and an eagle. The Fox was hard to manage against the stream, but took them beautifully on the way down.

The Sly Fox went out again in the evening, going round Chute Island in the moonlight; then there was singing on the float.

August 10 Barometer 29.65 Wind S.W. Light.
Sunday Thermometer 77° Clear in a.m. Dalin cloudy southwester.

- A good picnic on the west shore, behind Oak Island. The heathen swarmed up the great oak tree, like the Bandar Log, Mr. Morse going to the very top, way out in the slender branches, and then pelted the faculty (all but Mr. Dick, who was at the top too); Then we had a glorious game of I Spy, hiding in the bake and juniper; the big maple tree was the goal. Then supper, and then more I Spy, more and more exciting, as it grew dark. Mr. Morse, Ikey, and Eliot "it" in turn. When we came back, we found Mr. Barbour's party had arrived, in great spirits. Their report will follow.

I Spy picnic on The West Shore.

Mr. Whelright goes to Boston from Gleason's tomorrow morning.

The deeds of the Camp Luscious Hobos would fill volumes of most exciting reading. Here it is in telegraphic form. ——— Saturday afternoon we made boldly for Hoyt's. In the way over, we landed a fierce creature which may have been a fish: it was just three inches long; strange to relate, it had FINS. After a dangerous journey, through unexplored forests, we reached the luscious raspberry patch, & where we had pan-ic with bears etc. the aborigines, who were making hay, were pickers to our hearts

Report of Camp Luscious party.

discontent. Mr. Barton met with an accident which proved almost fatal: she lost his tooth brush.

– Gardner appeared in stockings, for the first time in two weeks; we congratulate Spinwall.

August 11

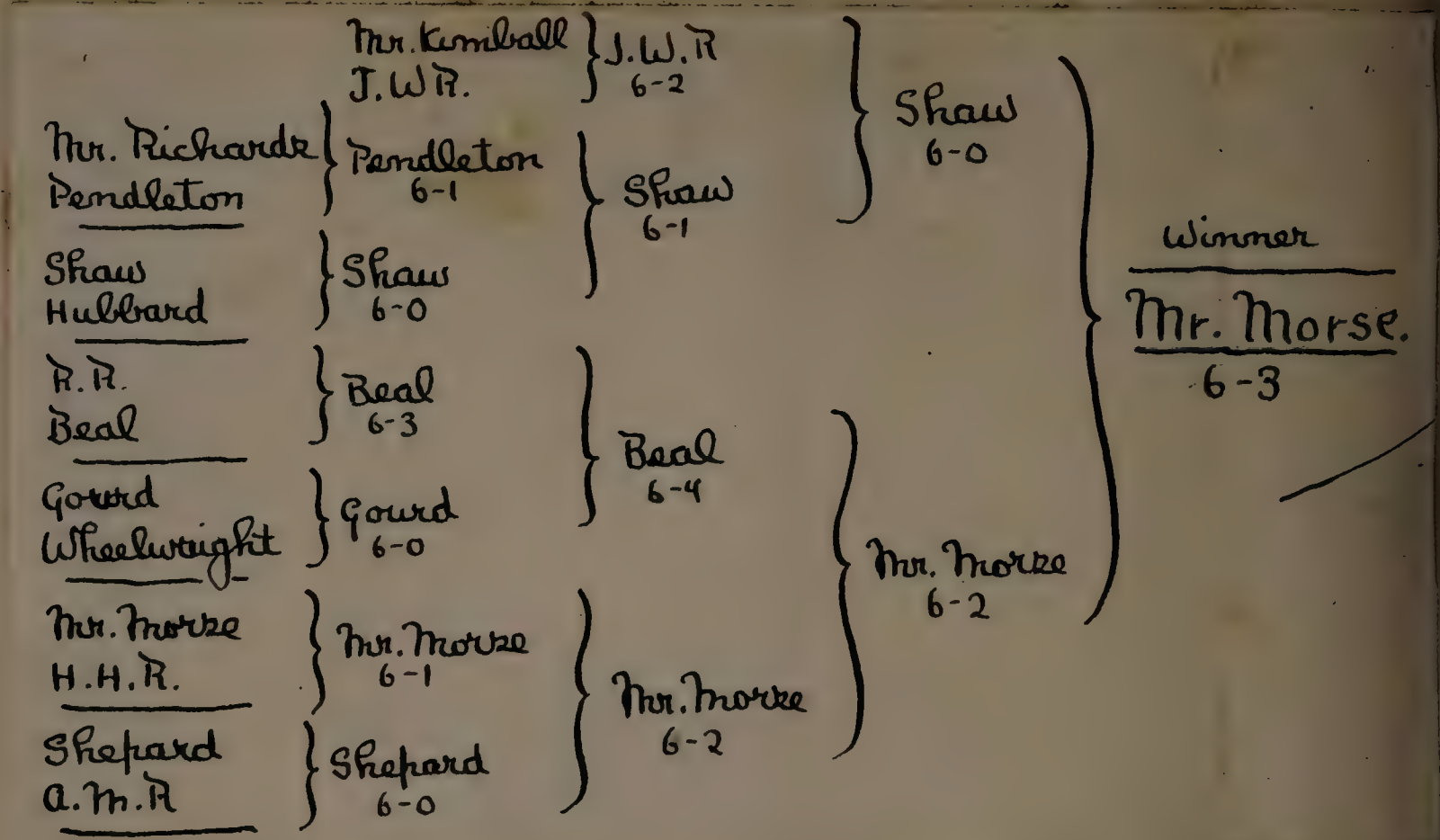
Barometer 29.38 Rain!! Perfectly pouring, steady
Thermometer 69° rain, Wind S.E., light.

J.R. went away, en route for the Groton Camp, at 12.45

The rain meant business, and kept up a perfectly steady pour, especially about dinner time, when J.R. and R.R. were driving to the station. The heathen rose to the occasion nobly, and kept things lively and full of spirits. M. Morse ran a very good ping-pong tournament, singles, and we popped corn. Three boats went fishing, getting 15 bass. (Eliot in two feet, as usual) The rain stopped for an hour or two before supper, but in the evening was a very heavy Thunder storm, the whole place running rivers.

Drunk Gramto, the last scenes plot, pall, and ache.

Ping-pong Tournament-



August 12

Barometer 29.35 Wind . N.W., Strong.
Thermometer 72° Bright and clear.

Perfectly sharp clear northwest weather, the wind strong all morning, freshening in the afternoon to half a gale.

Modocks 9 Merryweathers 6

This day we played the Modocks, o Mohawks Chris Team, and were ingloriously beaten, 6-9. It was a merry game. They had only six players, so we gave them Mr. Morse, Hoggy and Abe, and these wretches played splendidly. (Hoquet catching a fly for the first time in his life) and afterwards danced round the field with their arms round each others necks, for joy over their victory. The Modocks had G. Staples, Chapman, and Murray, o the Belgrade Team.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Carter 4 B										G. Stafford 2									
M Dick P										Kopman P									
Shaw 3 B										G. Murray CF									
Laird SS										C. Stevens LF									
Bannon RF										Moore SS									
Shepard C										J. Murray 3 B									
Small SS										B. Stafford CF									
Coombs RF										Hogan RF									
Gould LF										A. Stafford 2 B									
	1/1	0/1	0/1	1/3	0/3	3/6	0/6	0/6	0/6		1/1	0/1	0/1	2/3	1/4	1/5	0/6	1/7	2/9

The game went off with a great laugh. In the evening the wind kept up, and the Sky Fox went out for a glorious paddle, rolling a good deal in the sea, but holding her course sure and strong.

Nancy and Eliot came in late from fishing, chunched, and ~~spoilt the~~ ate their supper and warmed their toes, en déshabille, over the kitchen fire.

"Going to Jerusalem" this evening, and later Boston.

August 13 Barometer 29.5 Clear and sharp,
Thermometer (at 7 a.m.) 57° Wind N.W. Strong.

– We take Thine! By one run, just for the glory of it, but who knows how many more we might have had, in that one inning! Your first to last, it was a glorious-ness. They got a long lead of us, 12 to 6, then 15 to 9; every one was playing with life and snap, out and away the best played game we have had; then we began to creep up, and at last, with wave of cheers, led away from them.

Mr. Barton was the best of all; ~~and~~ he made his run every time, and thought little of jumping clean over the third base-man, and getting safe! Mr. Morse was splendid too, and so was every one. Andrew made

a boiler full of a concoction of ginger, brown sugar, molasses, ice, vinegar, etc, etc, so the Thirsty were refreshed, and no stomach aches followed.

The uniforms looked finely, Mrs Do-funny having risen to the occasion, and washed them by Thursday night. Manny slid – oh how he slid – and reduced his to an even mud-colour.

The Belgrades played splendidly, too, and altogether we danced about and cheered with excitement, and then when it was over the nine cheered the Belgrades, and adjourned for a swim.

Sing-Song Programme.

Overture, Chopsticks, F. M. B., W. H. F., P. P.
A Stunt, (a great one) A. M. P.
Duets on tin whistles, H. H. P., Mr. Turnbull.
Baseball Song. Chorus.
A Stunt, by the Camp Luscious Misses
(Oh, what a sell!)
Choruses.
A Stunt (another great one) Mr. Morse, the Sirens.
Choruses: John Peel, October, The Bell, Forty Years On, Old Fowler.

The Half-past miners had a story afterwards, and pop-corn, and the remains of the Treacle.

MERRYWEATHER BELGRADE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2B	Conlin																		
C.	Kay																		
CF	Moss.																		
1B	Richards																		
LF	Barkin																		
SS	Lovell																		
3B	Shaw																		
P	Ladd																		
RF	Foley.																		
	0/0	1/1	1/2	1/2	3/6	0/6	3/9	4/13	3/16		1/1	1/2	2/4	0/4	0/4	2/6	6/12	3/15	0/15

This great effort of the Statesmans was done for an earlier game, but comes in well now.

OLD SOL MAKES IT HOT FOR THE PLAYERS!!

August 13

BASE BALL SONG.

Merryweather came to town,
To play with North Belgrade, sir;
They thought to turn us upside down,
But we were not afraid, sir.

Chorus. Merryweather, keep it up,
Merryweather sandy'.
Mind the bases and the runs,
And with the balls be handy!

Third baseman got in Barton's way,
And filled us all with fear, sir;
But Barton jumped right over him,
And bit off half his ear, sir.

Chorus. Merryweather, etc.

Oh, what's the matter with Harriff ?
He tumbled o'er a hummock;
But home he got in spite of all,
By sliding on his stomach.

Chorus. Merryweather, etc.

Now fifteen all at last we stood,
So equal were our powers;
When Mr Mack made a run so good,
That soon the game was ours.

Chorus. Merryweather, etc.

Now down, we say, with North Belgrade,
And up with Merryweather!
And may a game like this be played,
Next time we meet together!

Chorus. Merryweather, keep it up,
Merryweather sandy!
Mind the bases and the runs,
And with the balls be handy'!

The Land Of The Merryweathers.

(Being an extract from the journal of Capt. Jedediah S Snodgrass, of the brig Jollly-cum-pop.)

Aug. I2, I892. On this day, at high noon of a fine day, being in lat. 49.I7.,long.73, we sighted land to the N.E. by E. From the chart it was evident that we had reached the land o of the Merryweathers, a territory explored years ago, and since nearly forgotten.We glided in before a favouring breeze, and were soon near enough to observe the harbour.The water, for several hundred yards out from the shore, is infested with a rare aquatic Bush. This strange plant is generally quite submerged, but we could easily distinguish it by its prickly black top among the waves.The Shaw is noticeable for its very rolling character, by which it catches the eye. A graceful Aspen-wall, with scarred limbs and silvery foliage glimmering in the sunlight concealed the details of the landscape.

We sent out a long boat, with myself in command, and easily effected a landing. The soil is evidently rich,for a slender Gourd grows in great profusion; and at every step we found specimens of the familiar variety of squash known as the Hubbard. We also saw for the first time a curious red-topped puff-ball known as the Kin-ball.

We quenched our thirst at a Low-wellin the meadow, and then continued our explorations. We found people of varios trades living along the point. A gentle Shepherd tended his flocks under the spreading shade of a pie-plant, and about noon we met a brawny Carter, driving a well-matched team of Bennetts, (a local variation of "jennet").As we met him, his cart collided with a stone, breaking a wheel, but the local Wheelwright repaired it in a few minutes, with the assistance of a cheerful Ladd, who seemed to be his apprentice.Besides these persons we found an elderly Abbott,who had retired from a monastery to this lonely Dale, and passed his time in farming and splitting rails.The dwelling of this pious man was built of stone, the cracks well filled in with Putty;and close by a genial Hog grunted peacefully in its Pen.The good father invited us to share his simple meal; Oatcake,with a great deal of Butter, which we ate in small Bowls.

It is quite evident that the land has been visited by the Spaniards, for another guest was present at this supper;a gloomy and silent Don, with his arm in a sling. He must have been the sole survivor of a large party, for the glade behind the Abbot's dwelling was full of Graves.

There are few wild animals or birds in this land; in fact we observed only two. As we landed a great Morse, or walrus, turned over on the beach with a loud roar; and as we sat at supper a little Mud-hen scuttled hastily away among the graves.

One thing I saw, which may seem incredible, but which I can vouch for. As we went down to our boats a Fay flitted across the open space, closely followed by a darker figure uttering a loud Ha-Ha!

And so we left the Land of the Merryweathers.

A. M. R.

ugust 14 Warmer; but The recorder betrayed her trust, and has lost her weather report.

The Seventh Camping trip, Eliot, Butler, Jack Lowell, Shaw, and Charlie Hubbard, started with Camping Mr. Barton.
uly.

A good walking trip, nearly as far as the Sand Slide! under escort of W. Todd. We spent the whole afternoon bending down birches (a new game & Avoid!) and had a most exciting time.

Still-pahn for the half-past eighters, then ghost-stories on the float.

Mr. & Mrs Putnam came to supper.

ugust 15

Northwest again, sharp and clear. Rain in p.m.

Hanair Shepard, and Earl Putnam, went away this morning, and we are left sheep-less.

Base-ball practice, also rain, in the afternoon. A short walk, A. M. R., R. R., Stephen, David, Sammy and Nimble. The campers returned before supper.

At 5 p.m. arrived:
Elizabeth C. Fay
Dorothy Fay

Glorious Dunk-Contests in the evening: the best scene was David and Saul; the Doctor and Mr. Barton; and it was almost the funniest thing That was ever seen.

Sam Bennett caught a $1\frac{3}{4}$ pound bass off the float.

August 16. Wind N.W. Clear and cold. Still the recorder's ship has not been made up!

Base ball practice in the A.M.

At dinner time arrived:

Greely S. Curtis.

Except for this happy event, an evil day in chronicle. I don't know what happened to us. They muffed balls who never muffed before, and some of our best men struck out every time — that is, until the last inning, and then the team pulled itself gloriously together, and brought the score from 1% - 6 up to 1% - 12, and with half a chance more would have tied it, and then worked ahead, as we did last time. So we went home happy and rejoicing, for though it wasn't victory, it was a glorious defeat. And [redacted] we did do some very good playing. What is the matter with our new man? We put him into the game after an all night's journey, and he caught [redacted] splendidly. Knocked long one three base hits, and pitched so swiftly that he frightened the enemy, and if he had been in practice would have had the game.

Third Belgrade Game, Belgrade 1%, Brewyrcatters 12.

The Belgraders said we had hired a professional, and one of the crowd, when Mr. Morse denied it, said "Ah, you can't

MERRYWEATHER											BELGRADE								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	0/0	0/0	1/1	0/1	3/4	1/5	0/5	1/6	6/12		1/1	0/1	0/1	5/6	0/6	2/8	5/13	1/14	/14

for us! There is glory!

Just after the game (everything was packed and ready beforehand) the 8th Camping Trip, The Mud-hen, S.S. Borles, Shorpid, Rene, and Marcel, Billy Ladd in command, got off in splendid time. Pretty good for W.T.L., after pitching all the afternoon!

8th Camping Trips.

August 17 Sunday

Barometer 29.245 Clear and sharp, Wind N.W.
Thermometer 65° Half a gale all day.

We had two trips planned, one up Meadow-Brook, and a second, in the Sly Fox, up Mt Royal, but the wind has been too strong all day for any canoe, and we are hoping for a better chance tomorrow.

A combined walking and driving party went to Biddeford Hill.

I forgot to say that last evening Mr. Morse conducted a solemn Initiation, and David Pendleton, Charles Hubbard, and Edmund Neidle Bennett were initiated into the society that has always been of such great benefit to its members. A full attendance was present on this solemn and interesting occasion. The novices all had the pleasure of looking in the glass before they washed their faces. — In the afternoon the Campers came

!!!!!

sailing down the pond, having lashed the Rangeleys together into

a Catamaran, with a double Hamock for a sail. They came simply flying.

August 18 Barometer 29.245 Hard and light, wind N.W.
Thermometer 67° Strong.

The defered trips came off today, and we have never had anything better. The Fly Fr. Mr. Barton in command, A.M.R. Mr. Hamilton. Elliot. Billy. David L.E.R. Bushy and Sam. crew. got off at eleven for ~~Rock~~ Mr Royal. The pond was not so rough as yesterday, but there was a good sea and white caps, and the waves slapped over the bow merily. Next the whole fleet of canoes (except the Red Roy) put off for Meadow Brook. Quite a little party, Nicol, Neville, and Charlie Hubbard. became of rashes. Stephen and the Mudhen became of mast. Mr. Kimball became of drawing plans. and the Doctor in command, stayed at home.

Became of the sea. Mrs Fay and Dorothy. and L.E.R. and R.R., drove up to Stony Point. and met the fleet there. Mrs Fay going in the Identical, which came along as life-boat. The whole trip was perfection. Once into the brook. it was clear and still, cool enough to make most easy (except in the Identical. where Stern bearings got hot occasionally). It is no use describing the trip: those who have taken the trip know how very beautiful it is, and those who haven't simply cannot imagine it. We had lunch two thirds of the way up. then came out into ~~the~~ North ~~East~~ Pond. and saw all the clusters of pearls in the north, about 5.30.

Meadow Trips

Hubbard's today.

Curtis Waggy a little im!

We slipped down with the current wonderfully quickly, too quickly, the woods were so beautiful, then came out just about at what would have been dark if the full moon had not been high. The pond had fallen quite still. We landed on the sand beach near the big pines by the mouth of the stream, built a big fire, for it was delightfully cold. Though so still, and sang songs and eat our last jam and chocolate in the fire light and moonlight. Then the five canoes and the Admiral formed in a wide line, and we sang all the way down the lake. There was a perfect flood of moonlight. We found the Mot Royal skimmed, reposing a glorious skimt, but bringing Betty home with a sprained ancle.

Full moon.

The tails of skiff hung down behind!

Betty sprains her ancle

The little Stag-at-Homes (and it was Charlie Shattuck's birthday!) had kept well and cheerful.

To set all this glory, I have to chronicle that Mr. Morse went away this morning, and the whole camp misses him.

gust 19 Barometer 29.3 Wind W. light. flat calm through
Thermometer 73° most of the day. Warm and soft.
and clear.

We must sadly record that Mrs Young and Dorothy went away at 10.30, and Mr. Curtis in the afternoon. Also H.R, but he returned at supper time.

Baseball in the afternoon.

gust 20

Barometer 29.495 Wind N.W., light, calm through
Thermometer 75°. much of the day. clear and warm.

First day of the sports. The junior running broad and running high. Senior pole. vault, hop-step and jump. Junior hundred yards dash, and shot put, were held on yesterdays. The rest to follow day after tomorrow, when the records will be given.

Sing-Song Programme.

Overture, chop sticks . The Dauntless Three
Solo, Arnaud's Song . H.H.R.
Glockenspiel Solo M. Kintall.
Solo Duet Hide & Bushy.
Choruses. Marching through Georgia. Song of the Fox.
Old Yowler.
Song M. Hamilton
Songs of The Brethren.
Chorus.

August 21 Barometer 29.475 Wind S., fresh. Cloudy a/te
Thermometer 70° noon. Rain in p.m. a

The Ninth camping trip got off at 9.37 a.m.,

9th Camping Trip started for Little Pond. Nicks, Arvid, Abe, Gardner, Bushy, with the Commodore in command, in the Ebenezer and the Prince.

Just as they were starting, an unhappy gentleman landed, and asked to see the Doctor. The Doctor could find little or nothing the matter with him, and we hope he was comforted.

At dinner time arrived:

Polly Bread -
David Harry Darling.

Ghost stories in the Second tent in the evening

Fishing Song.
(sung last evening)

What means this wild commotion
Among the fish below?
Here come the Merryweather boys
A-fishing for to go.
How gallantly they handle
Their rods and their reels!
How confident of victory
Each jolly brother feels!

Chorus. Hurray! and Hurroo!
For the Merryweather crew!

And better luck next time, my boys,
For me and for you!

Now first came Charley Hubbard,
And who so proud as he?
"I'll fill the kitchen cupboard,
And give them fish for tea!"
He caught a single horn-pout,
'Most three inches long;
And with a sad forlorn pout
He joined in the song;

Chorus Hurray! and hurroo! etc.

And next came lazy Avird,
And he was in a pet.
"I cannot, cannot catch these fish,
Quick, bring to me a net!"
He stumbled and he tumbled
All over the boat,
When up there jumped a great big eel
And took him round the throat.

Chorus. Hurray! and hurroo! etc.

Then out spoke Uncle Abram,
His eyes were staring wild;
"I swan! I hooked a ten-pound trout,
And hauled him to the side.

When off the critter shot, sir,
The hook in his gills;
By this time, like as not, sir,
He's over to the Mills!

Chorus. Hurray! and Shurroo! etc.

But still there was commotion
Among the fish below
But onto they went a-wriggling
With laughter too and fro.
"They'll have to labor harder,
And learn quite a lot,
Before we stock their larder,
Or fill their chowder pot!"

Chorus. Hurray! and Shurroo!, etc.

A Song of Fishing.

(also sung last evening)

Oh, the bass will eat the pickerel,
And the pickerel eat the trout,
And now we're in your company;
We'll have a gushing bout;
Here's to you, my genial Swine!
Here's to you, with all my heart,
And now we're in your company,
We'll fish before we part:

Here's to you René Hoguet!

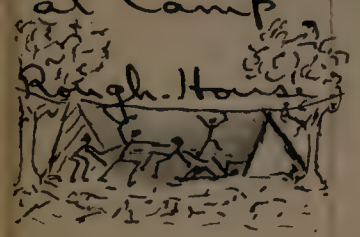
Oh, the trout will eat the chub,
And the chub will eat the dace,
And now we're in your company,
We'll find a likely place,
Here's to you, my good Oat-cake
Here's to you, with all my heart,
And now we're in your company,
We'll fish before we part;
Here's to you, Eliot Farley!

Oh, the dace will eat the minnow,
And the minnow will eat the fry,
And now we're in your company,
We'll fish the water dry;
Here's to you, my smiling John;
Here's to you, with all my heart,
And now we're in your company,
We'll fish before we part;
Here's to you, Richards-face!

August 22 Barometer 29.36 Calm, occasional breze N. cloudy in a.m.,
Thermometer 67° clearing at noon.

At 11.45 The Campers returned, having made record time. Their report follows on the next page. The senior & junior ball throwing and three-legged race, and senior running head were rowed off this afternoon. The rest put off till tomorrow. Roll on the sick list. Initiations in the evening.

Doings of the Rough-House Gang at Camp


Rough House

We left Camp at 9.37, as above stated, and reached Meadow Brook ~~ok~~ in 40 minutes. The Ebenezer led the way up the brook, manned by H.H.R. Nick and Arvid, while Bushy, Abe and Spinwall, all stripped to the waist, followed in the Pink. It was very hot when we started, but as we went on up the brook and across North Pond the clouds began to gather and it started raining soon after we got the tent up. We reached the south end of Little Pond at quarter of one, made camp and had dinner, and as the weather was raining we stayed in the tent and a scene ensued which gave the camp its name. We dodged out in the canoes between showers, but did not have time to go very far before the rain began again, and we came back. We had supper about 8.00, and got to sleep some time or other. It was Nick's stories that finally put us to sleep. In the morning we broke camp, had breakfast and came back in a drizzly rain a good part of the way. We made good time, two hours and twenty four minutes from Camp Rough House, one hour and thirteen minutes in Meadow Brook, thirty seven minutes from the head of the pond.

Ebenezer makes record through Meadow Brook

gust 23

Mr. Morse's Song.

Five boarders once slept in a boarding-house bed;

Turn over.

They said they'd all turn when the outside one said,

"Turn over",

But the one in the middle he thought it a joke

When the outside one said turn never turned, poor old bloke,

Got lost in the shuffle and had his leg broke:

Turn over.

Grandma gave Willie a little air-gun;

Turn over.

He ran to the barnyard to try it for fun,

Turn over.

He hit the old cow in the back of the head

The farmer came out both angry and red

Took Bill on his knee, raised his cane, and then said,

"Turn over!"

Two camp boys got hold of a fine apple pie

A Turn over

They said they intended to eat till they'd die

Turn over

Hoggy had finished the most of the crust

And Mud then declared that he surely would bust

That's what he said, – but Hoggy bust fust.

Turn over.

The Morse boys went out in the Paddy-go-whack

Turn over.

Captain Roland declared they would never get back

Turn over

Jimmy in haste tried to grab for an oar,
But Bill right behind him just shouted, "O Lor!
Get up on your Trilbies and waddle to the shore."

Turn over.

August 23 Barometer 29.39 All ye red-legged dogs!
Thermometer 59° Rain again!! Wind N.E., fresh, steady rain all day, clearing up somewhat at sunset. At 5 p.m. arrived
S.E. Pofal.

Ping-pong tournament, and pop-corn, is chief us through the afternoon. The Fox went out for a very wet paddle after Tea.

August 24 Sunday Barometer 29.5 Wind N.N.W. fresh in a.m. Thermometer 73° dropping 71 towards noon. clouds clearing.

The Big Four, in the Eton and the Punt, cleared at the float, and passed down, "hence for East Pond and other parts", amid cheers from the dinner table, at 2.2 p.m.

A picnic on the sand beach next to the mouth of Meadow Brook. We picked blackberries. Then built a fire on the sand, and after supper told ghost stories, finishing the Secret Chamber.

After singing in the evening, a great letter-writing fee was started, to try to beat the record on the last Sunday. We wrote like fuzz. saws. H.H.P. and Mrs. Kimball tied the record, eleven each. P.P. and Ethel with ten. A grand total was reached, the magnificent number of 110 letters, 115 with the five faked letters nobly contributed by Renée* and Nick. At 9.30 we retired ourselves to bed, exhausted by the severe mental strain. Doggy, who wrote two and a postal card, may never recover from the shock. × Mrs. Kimball only wrote six, after all!

record: letters!

* Mudhen, Shag, Nick & Jack wrote the faked, not Doggy!

August 25

Barometer 29.81 Calm, occasional winds N.N.E.
Thermometer 69° Broken clouds and blue sky,
two short showers.

Still very quiet without the Big Four: That is, until Stuffy and David had a little Difference of Opinion, which was settled with the gloves, and a ring formed, amid tremendous applause.

John Howe Hall arrived at dinner time.

Augustine H. Gray.

Hurrah for Captain Jack!

1902 Sports

	Winner	Record	Second	Third	Points North	Points South	Present Record
1 Junior Broad	N. Bennett	13′ 8½″	Gould	S. Bennett	✱	5	12.8
2 Junior Running High	Gould	3′ 9½″	Bush	N. Bennett Aspinwall	8½	½	3′ 8″
3 Senior Pole Vault	Farley	6′ ✱½″	Ladd	Hoguet Lowell	8½	½	6′ ✱
✱ Junior Hundred yds	N. Bennett	1✱	Bush	Gould	✱	5	1✱
5 S. Hop. Step & Jump	Fay	31′ 6½″	Carter	Ladd	9	0	30′ 10 ✱lb
6. J. Shot - put	Bush	27′ ✱½″	Gould	N. Bennett	8	1	25 ft
7. S. Shot - put	J. Richards	26	Ladd	Farley	✱	5	26.15
8. J. Three - legged	Bush / N. Bennett	22⅕	A. Stevens / Aspinwall	Hubbard / Pendleton	✱	5	22
9. S. Three - legged	Ladd / Lowell	19	Hoguet / Hartt	Shaw / Carter	7	2	18 3/5
10. J. Base ball	Bush	165′ 7¾″	Gould	Aspinwall	9	0	156.2
11. S. Base ball	Farley	21✱	Lowell	Shaw	8	1	2✱9.9
12. S. Broad Jump	Lowell	13′ 1½″	Richards	Hoguet	5	✱	15 ft
13. S High Jump	Shaw	✱′ ✱¾″	Hoguet	Richards	0	9	✱′ 2″
14. J Pole Vault	Aspinwall	6′ ✱¼″	N. Bennett	Gould	6	3	
15. S Hundred yds	Hartt	12 ⅗	Shaw	Carter	6	3	13 2/5
16. Potato Race.	Carter	2✱ ⅕	Hartt	Lowell	9	0	23

Seniors

J. Richards
Ladd
Farley
Fay
Hartt
Lowell
Shaw
Hoguet
Carter

Juniors

Wheelwright
Bowles
Gould
Bush
Aspinwall
Stevens
Beal
Hubbard
S. Bennett

N. Bennett.

- Spinwall tied the Senior pole-vault record.
- Mr. Pope went away in the afternoon.
- A vote was taken for which desserts should be had for the last sad days. Apple-pie won, with blue-berry pie and jam-tarts tied for second.
- The campers returned in the evening.

Farley + Fay made record down Meadow Br. in Eben. 1 hr.

gust 26 Barometer 29.32 Clear, wind N.W. light:
Thermometer 74.°

The Shy Fox trip round the Horn came off today, and was a glorious success.

Start	8.19	Crew.
Mills, ar.	9.00	Wheelwright
" , lv.	9.09	Pendleton
E. Mt Vernon	10.50	Gray
" " " lv.	11.04	Stevens
Dinner	11.55	Aspinwall
" lv.	1.25	L. E. P. Jr.
Messalonskee	2.13	Captain Jack
Island	2.34	Lowell
Mouth Belgrade	3.06	J. P.
" " lv.	3.35	J. W. P.
Gleason's landing	4.20	H. H. P., Captain.
Camp	4.52	

Total time, Camp to Camp.	8 h. 33 m.
Running time, " " "	6 . 11 . 30
Total time, Camp to Mouth Belgrade	6 . 44 . 30
Running time, " " " "	4 . 54 . 30

August 27 Barometer 29.32 Wind N.W. brisk. Clear &
Thermometer 74° bright.

The return trip round the Horn came off with almost the glory of yesterday's. The time follows:

Start	8.22	Crew.
Gleason's	8.41	Hubbard
Station	9.24	S. Bennett
Island	10.17½	H. Bennett
Steam	10.31	Bush
Dinner	12.09	Carter
" hr.	1.34	Shaw
E Mt Vernon	1.45	Hoguet
" " " hr.	1.51	Ladd
Mills	3.31	Farley
" hr	4.2½	Y.M.B., Master
Camp	4.41	

Last (alas) Concert.

Overture, Chrysalides, Y.M.B., H.N.Y. J.R.
Quadr. A.M.R.
Duet. Y.M.B., Mr. Kimball
Banana Stunt (much appreciated!)
Solo / Song & Guitar H.H.R.
Chorus
Duet, R.R., S.E.R.Jr.
Trio, "Bill is a bright boy", H.H.R., J.R. H.H.Y.
Solo, Mr. Hamilton.
Irish christening S.E.R.

Shirt . - .. J.R. H.H.Y.

Quartette . R.S.V.P.

Choruses

Johnny & Nancy's Shirt .

When Johnny & I begin to sing . Hooray . Hooray

(Three Times)

Oh it's we that make the sailors sing .

And you'll feel glad when

Johnny and I get through!

When Nancy and I get through!

nesday Barometer 29.72½ Calm . perfectly clear

gust 28 Thermometer 74°

Mary Gore Hamlen
Evelyn W. Hamlen } arrived . to our joy.

at noon . and stayed for dinner .

Camping The Campers . Lowell . Shaw . H. Bennett . S. Bennett, Hubbard and Beal . J. Richards . Commodore . started in the morning . in the two Rangeley . for Long Pond .

We picked 12½ quarts of huckleberries on the point in the afternoon .

Charades in the evening . and Nick . Aspinwall and Buck ate rowed away to spend the night on Hoyt's Island .

Mr. & Mrs B.S. Smith also came to call today .

August 29

Barometer 29.745 Calm. clear.
Thermometer 79½

We record with sorrow that Eliot went away at two o'clock.

Camp Oarsay!

The Campers returned in splendid time, at 12.15; at least one boat did, and the other would have, if it hadn't been for – someone's – forgetting the rods!

Theodore L. Shaw arrived at * p.m.

The Canoe races were great. The Obstacle Race was the first. Six boats, three on a side, were anchored out, three on a side, at about equal distances apart, from the float to Pickerel Rock. The two lines of boats were about forty yards apart; the canoes crossed from side to side, turning the boats, out to the rock and back.

Canoe Races.

The best race of all was the ~~Canoe~~ race. It was frightfully exciting. The Birch had perhaps the most powerful crew, but lost at the turns. Shell, they caught up on Captain Hoggy in the long stretches, and the Eben won among frantic cheers.

Both in the evening – the last Both – and it was a glorious one to finish off with, though we miss Oat-cake very badly.

1. Obstacle Race (pairs)

1st Heat

Gray
Lowell — Pink

Hartt
Beal — Squamacook

Buck
Gound — Shagpat

2d Heat

Aspinwall
N. Bennett — Pink

Shaw
Stevens — S.V.

Hoguet
S Bennett — Shag

Winner
S of Hartt
Beal
11.14"
Pink 2d
Shag 3d

Winner
S.V.
10.53⅘
Time 2

Winner
Time

2. Novice Race (singles)

Seniors
Lowell - Eben.
Gound - Pink
N. Bennett Sq.
4.9⅕

1st Heat
Pendleton - Sq.
S. Bennett - Pink
Stevens - Shag.

2d Heat
Wheelwright - Pink
Hubbard - Sq.
Carter - Shag

Juniors

Time 7.34⅕

3. Crew Race (fours)

Hoguet
Buck
N Bennett
Aspinwall — Eben

Hartt
Lowell
Shaw
Ladd — Birds

Stevens
Carter
Gound
Gray — Sq.

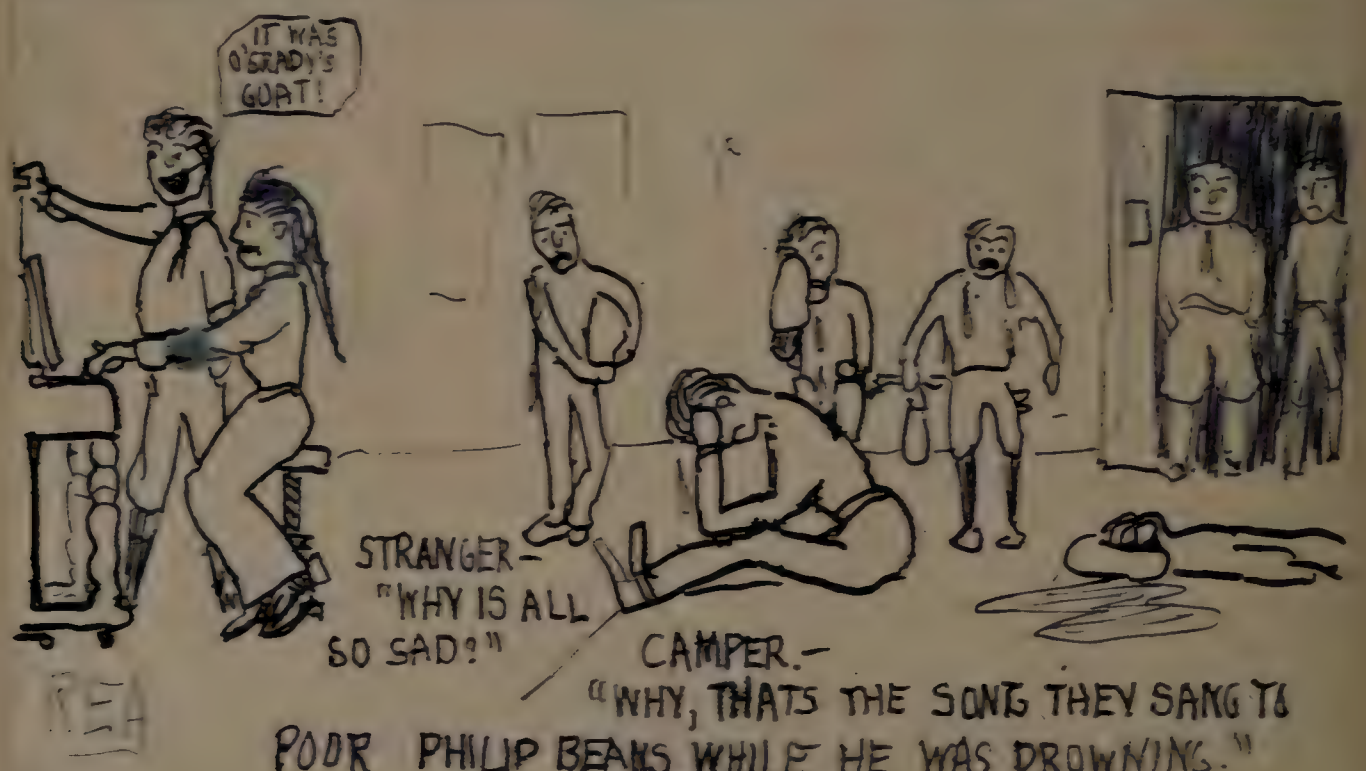
Eben 1st
Birds 2d
Sq 3d

6.21⅕ Time

A Last Token from The Statesman.
received today.

STRANGER:
"MY GRACIOUS WHATS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE? IT MUST BE A HORSE DROWNING!"

CAMPER
"NAW, THATS NOTHING BUT NICK CARTER PLAYING HIS ZOBO."


IT WAS O'GRADY'S GOAT!
STRANGER- "WHY IS ALL SO SAD?"
CAMPER.- "WHY, THATS THE SONG THEY SANG TO POOR PHILIP BEANS WHILE HE WAS DROWNING."
REA

August 30 Barometer 29.66 Calm, clear.
Thermometer 830

Oh dear me! It gets sadder and sadder.
and where will we end up!

The Doctor, and Dr Ford Beal, went away after
breakfast. ("It was the Best Butter", said the March Hare.)

The afternoon was all painting, and sewing,
and crilling at the evening (the first part), all
painting. Hair-curling, powdering, and dressing, for the
Grand Event. Every time was a green-room, and
strange figures began to appear in the boat house.
At Quarter past eight we lined up in the South
Drawing for the Grand March, and the Great
Fancy Dress Ball began. Ran on the clerestire.

Mr. Dick!

Miss Alice!
Miss Rosalind
Miss Julie }
" Betty }
Mr Barton }
" Kimball }
Mr Hamilton. (Pl. D.)
Henry Fay.
John Richards nee
Bill Ladd. (do you know Bill?)
Jack Lovell,
Philip Hoyt.
Nick Carter,
Kenneth Bailey }
J. Spinnell, }
Neville Bennett.
Sam Bennett,
Mark Whitwright
Stephen Stuffey Bowles
René Hoyt. (G.S.)
Arthur Shaw,
Theodore Shaw }
Augustin Gray }
Marcel Gand,
David (Lacy) Pendleton.
Captain Jack Hall.
Uncle Ben Stevens,

Mr. Smith, a gentlemen of
color, and master of ceremonies.
The Baby's Grandmother.
A Highland Lassie.
Little Pinafore, only four
years old!
Spanish cavaliers, on their
guitars playing a tune, dear!
The Dago, with the organ and
The Monk — (eng)
A merry little Mountain Maiden.
A Clown, understanding his business.
Mrs Johnson, an Afro-American Lady
Mr " her husband.
La Belle Marquise.
Rubber Neck and
Pie-face.
A Bat.
An Assassin (masked!)
A chemist. (wizard.)
The Baby (in clover!)
The Old Salt,
The Lass who loved a Sailor.
Noble Red Man, in
Noble Red Blankets.
The McAllister McVitty McNab.
The Sun, the Chinaman.
A Bride, apparently drunk.

Charley Hubbard, Maynard, the Farmer.

Well, sirs. it was a Great Occasion. There were cake-walks, clown-dances, sword-dances, all walkout, buttons, the Italian Padrone (formerly known as Brother Anthony, when in religion,) exhibited his highly trained monkey Harriff (name of Saracen or Arabic origin,) who performed many astonishing feats, showing an agility truly simian, and - positively! - an intelligence almost human! Senor Roberto Kimballo showed us what he used to do when he was a Toreador: (the bull had apparently run away, and we didn't wonder!) the Babies simpered sweetly, the Savages whooped and yelled (and so did everybody else!) the three little Mountain Maidens made eyes at the Clown, who in his generosity made whole faces at them in return. the Smith, the "gentlemanly and urbane" master of ceremonies, presided over the whole with mingled grace and majesty, and though the room was so hot that it took the curl out of his wool, he did not grieve, but showed an unbroken front (striped red, white and blue,) the entire evening. + Virginia Reel - or rather a Reel of all Nations, - increased and birthday cake, (Miss Julia's, Neville's and Hoffy's,) wound up the entertainment, and sent us to our beds rather late with laughing, but all the better for a Good Frolic.

31st

Barometer 29.5-6.
Thermometer 79°.
Calm and clear in the morning. a Smoky Sou-wester coming up after noon. — After service, all hands dressed in their costume of the night before, and were photographed. The Skipper gave the word: great was the snapping of the cameras! Packing went on all day, with more madness than method. Late in the afternoon we took boat, and away to Hoyt's Island for a picnic: but on approaching the Island, we saw large number of Great Horrid People on the beach. We gave them our Collective Malison, and took ourselves to the Offing. — that is, we went off: but later our course changed to blessing, for we landed somewhere else, and found a New Place, very joyful, full of great huckleberries and huckleberries. Here we took possession, and after much tree-climbing, sat down among the huckleberries and supped — largely!

Melons and hens,
Crackers and jam,
Doughnuts.

Then came singing, "The Old Oak", and "Jo-Jo" by the Quartette, and finally "Auld Lang Syne", all holding hands and singing together. Then home in the fog, to hymns, and the Camp Song for "goodnight". So ends the last day with the Merry Brothers.

1st

Came the black-sailed ship — I mean keg-rigging, and took them all away, except Harry and the Hamiltons, Mr Kimball and Marcel. R.R. went too, and a little later, Dick and John. Jehovah! the glory is departed, and we are all named Rachel. Still, we all mean to be as cheerful as possible, and we still sing "Hurrah for us!" — To cheer our solitude, came

Merritt Lyndon Fernald.

In the afternoon the Fog (somewhat crippled, having lost two of his eight paws, but still valiant,) went over to Hoyt's Island, and spent several hours in "bolanging": i.e., picking blackberries. After tea, the evening being very sultry, we all sat on the float and sang, till a thunderstorm came up and drove us in. The rain was of a feline and canine description, varied by an occasional Krupp gun, but no one was the worse for it.

Sept. 2nd

Barometer 29.04.
Thermometer 76°.

Fair and warm, with south-west wind, shifting to north west in p.m. Brief shower about 1.3

Elisha Rhodes Brown. Dover. N. H.
Master Raymond G. Brown " "
" Philip L. Brown " "
" Charles B. Sessin Providence R. I.

They are spending the week at the Hills, and came in upon us suddenly, surprising us greatly. Right glad we were to see them, especially the beloved "Copper."

And in the afternoon came - oh joy! -

- Robert H. Richards.
- Francis Rawle. Jr. -

Sept. 3rd

Barometer 29.5-6.
Thermometer 72°

Clear and cool. Wind south-west.

After dinner, the crippled Fort (H. R. & M. R. the Hamilton R. N. R, F. Rawle, Merrel; L&K. passing.) again went bravely forth, this time to Philips Mountain. Pretty rough walking (though a glorious afternoon,) but the fair Pawa pedalled nobly, and H. R. at the stern, helped with the Elephant Spanker when he could divert from steering. Followed a delightful walk & climb, and a view - oh, call, go up yourself and see! Both ascending and descending we were stopped by black highwaymen, armed at every point, and ripe for anything. Escape was impossible: we fell upon them, disarmed - well, several - and brought home a number of captives, which being submitted to Judge Hamiff, were condemned by him to instant execution. Small wonder that we were left to die, eh? So passed all our enemies! In the evening we had a little Sing Song: if we were all listening for the sound of voices that only one heart heard - why - that could not be helped. We did our best.

arrived in the afternoon. Laura Bradstreet.

.4th Barometer 29.24. Cloudy. Rain: ~~in the morning~~. wind Thermometer. 70° south-east.

A very disagreeable day, the more to be regretted as it was Harry's last. It was "open and shut" all day, more shut than open. Merrick made a record rowing over with the mail, doing it in 1¼ hour. Spite of weather, the day passed quickly, and we had a merry evening, with the game (new to Camp) of Feather and Shot, and a last good game of Boston.

.5th Barometer 29.05. Fair, blowing a gale, west-northwest. Thermometer 61°

In the morning Harry Jay and the Hamiltons left us. "There isn't very much to say." but we know how we feel. But his red necktie is tied round the barometer to keep the weather bright, and we hope he will redeem the pledge next year. (N.B. He, Harry, made a record on the little blowing-machine, 1110.)

In the afternoon came

J. W. Gardiner
Mary Caroline Hardy.

.6th Barometer 29. Fair and clear, wind southwest. Thermometer

At eleven o'clock came the Brown and Copper, in time for the swim, and a good swim it was. They stayed to dinner, and after reading most of us went in Rangeley to Blueberry Hill, which we climbed; glorious view from the top, and a pleasant walk. Home, against a stiff southwest breeze, making the trip in 45 min. Here we found arrived

- Rosalind Richards.

-

The day closed with a good game of "Boston"; but — the boys, oh, where were they?

Sept 7 Sunday - Rain.

A great breakfast & while porch, which Mr. Brown and the boys very kindly brought over.

Late in the afternoon a good sky for paddling to the Dark Point, where we landed, and ate huckleberries.

Sept 8 Clear; still and bright.

All hands made the Meadow Brook trip. It was about the most beautiful thing we have done. We had lunch very near the head of the stream, and most of the company afterwards paddled up into North Pond, and across to Little Pond, which was the loveliest sight one of us have seen, even in all this summer.

Meadow Brook Picnic.

Birch: W. R.
R. R.
Manal

Ebenezer: R. W. R.
M. Kimball
L. E. R.

Squamacook: J. R.
Captain Jack

Pine: A. M. R.
Miss Hardy
J. W. G.

and

Wachusetta: J. W. R.
R. E. R. jr.

Everything went without a hitch, except when the Wachusetta forgot herself for an instant. It was very warm, and they put on dry sweaters, and nobody was a bit the worse

Cloudy.

9. Mr. Kimball went away at 9.17.

The Architectural Tent came down this morning. There is sad words: But in the middle of the night and of a wild Williwaw, at least at four o'clock in the morning (of the 10th) in the middle of a downpour of rain, H.H.P. and J.P. came back in triumph from their Karakchin trip. which was a glorious one.

10

As previously reported, the wanderers came back at 4. a.m., so that the Six were photographed in proper order, by the big camera, after breakfast.

At 10.30 Uncle Bob, Hays, and Alice went to Gardiner.

The Professorial Tent came down this afternoon. Splendid moonlight in the evening: also a great meteor, much larger than a blazing Roman candle ball, and shining white, and red and green, with a trail of sparks behind, was seen from the float.

- found a cinnamon vase, just opened, today

11. Miss Hardy went at 9.17. We do well to guide the Hand. Men, about this horrid habit people will get into at this time of year, of going away - "Gee, I tell you, it's Bum!"

Doings! Little tent taken down; float paddled round to Stevens' beach, ship taken up, with sails worn from Anchor.

J.W.P. and P.P. had a great thrilling

tea with Mrs Stevens. In the evening paddling by moonlight.

Sept 12. Clear. warm. Heavy fog in a.m.
W.H.R. and J.R. went shooting at 8 a.m., bringing back - Cannibal thought! - a Mud-Hen!
Doings - many long red nos. Gunnium all stacked. piano gone. beds and big chests packed. J.W.R. took account of stock: immense packing. from dawn to dewy eve. John and Miffle. John rescue him eyes from the wild ware.
The Skipper appeared in shirt clothes - at least pants -, sending all on hearts.
In the afternoon we saw the same gull, with a piece gone out of his wing. that we saw on North Pond, on the 8.th
We have piled the cushions, mosquito nets, etc, on high, lest they become Ratified.
Dear Nick drove to Waterville, and took the night Train.

Sept. 13 Fog last night, but this morning cloudy. light rain beginning at 9.45 a.m.
Inspann and Trek. J.H.H, Marcel and J. Rawle, went off. after valiant bid, on the 9.17. we follow on the 11.45. The Skipper has arranged a magnificent Swiss-Family-Robinson raft, that dangles from the Rafters (folk) on which all the ratifiable articles are piled.

It could not have been a more beautiful summer; may next year bring what this has brought.

"Time for us to go; time for us to go;
And when we clapped the latches down,
'Twas time for us to go!"

Put out the lights!

6897 5